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JUST AND MORAL.

By DORA MARSDEN.

NOT justice and morality be it noted: since these last can be left as dead: monuments of the effete: bearing testimony to the long success of a trick of language at last found out and discredited. But justice and morality abandoned, there still remain the words descriptive of human conduct which furnished the grounds off which the trick was worked to such advantage—"just and moral." We have before now said our say on both these, but only in respect of such meaning as they have when they are used carefully and delicately: used as one would use them who valued words as fine instruments to be blunted only under peril of confounding the purpose for which all words are born—the intercommunication of human feeling and understanding. We dealt with them precisely, as a good writer with an audience of good writers might, but as good writers are few and far between it is impossible to muster them in numbers, and it becomes advisable—if the audience is to be at all extended—to treat of them in those loose, rough-and-ready meanings which are attached to them variously by the curates and other orators, by the journalists and writers of philosophic treatises who bring the froth to the surface of their rhetoric by a skilfully confused use of them. So, therefore, to the popular connotation: "Just" first.

The meaning of the word "just" according to the rhetoricians—and it is their meaning which decides the popular one—is "generous," a connotation odd enough when one bears in mind the wide distinction popularly held to exist between the two. Nevertheless, that is the rhetorical meaning. To be "just" is to be "generous"; put the other way round—when a man is "generous" he is only being "just," to the heated espousal of which meaning there is likely to be appended the tale of a social struggle in the near future, which while carrying the hardship that any struggle must, will bring with it heart-burnings and resentments it certainly need not.

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Let us examine how this sagging of connotation from the "just" to the "generous" has been brought about. First as to the precise meaning of "just," which is twofold: a secondary and a primary one, of which the secondary is the obvious and the ordinarily accepted meaning, while the primary is so basic and founded on motives so deeply instinctive as to be but rarely taken count of, and only very meagrely furnished with labels. We will delineate the secondary and obvious meaning

first. In this sense to be "just" has to do solely with the good faith which, having made bargains, keeps them. From bargains or contracts apart, "to be just" has no other meaning. In relation to them it means "being fair"—satisfying to the extent of one's ability the undertaking entered upon in the bargain. And in the spirit as well as the letter; which is a consideration which accounts for the distinction made between being "just" in the legal sense and being "just" to the full extent of the ground which the term covers. The "law" itself endeavours to compel men to be "just" by compelling them under threat of punishment to fulfil the terms of contracts as far as there is visible or audible evidence to testify what the contract was. Its limitations are, of course, that often the most potent inducements proffered during the shaping of a bargain, are unwritten and merely implied. Much is left to tacit assumption—especially with simpletons and honourable persons: and it is when such assumptions have been allowed to have their influence in the making of the bargain only to be ignored in the sequence, that the sense of having been treated unjustly rankles. Against the more deliberate "tricks of assumption" the law itself attempts to protect their natural victims. But strangely enough, where the sense of "unjust" treatment appears to rankle most is in circumstances where there is no unjust treatment, strictly speaking: but where, through the advent of chance or some other unforeseen factor the terms of a contract originally made in good faith have become bettered for one and have deteriorated for the other. Conduct faithful not only to the written but to the tacit and assumed terms of the contract—but terms which had one foreseen the issue one would have made otherwise—is reckoned by the sentimentalists, rhetoricians and salvationists to be "unjust." Whereas actually they mean "ungenerous" but prefer to apply the term "unjust." And from this point the sagging starts. They assume that the taking of an advantage involved in a contract, and come at by chance or even superior insight, is on all fours with advantages secured through a more or less transparent bad faith in respect of a bargain. The party finding himself on the wrong side of the contract sets himself—not to the task of learning how to bargain better in the future, or of keeping out of bargains where he stands the chance of being unlucky, or in which he does not appear to have the talent to be a success—to scold the other party regarding the sharing of the

spoils. He thinks he is asking the other to be "just," whereas he is asking him to be "generous": an attitude common and good enough, if he likes it, but it is erroneous to assume he is asking *not* to be favoured—but to be treated "justly."

* * *

It is worth while lingering over this tendency of the "down" to ask for the "generous" when they are offered the "just," since from such an attitude follow many implications; which is the reason why persons with spirit care little for the ousting of the "just" by the "generous." For one thing, the action of the latter is uncertain, unreliable, and, worse than all, expected to cut both ways. He who has been generously treated must, in his turn, act generously or be considered—something which he does not care to be—mean. They would prefer to be "just" because it is expedient—and be "generous" by whim—only when they please. Plans of their own, by being generous, might be interfered with: moreover, they care little for the feeling of having been generously dealt with: they feel it to be either an investment or thinly veiled patronage, and would prefer to carve a career irrespective of it. To accept favours with indeterminate obligations attached is an irksome proceeding for able men. Only favours which are done outright, for the doer's own satisfaction, are suitable for acceptance. In short—to be "generous" is purely an affair of individual taste, while to be "just"—in this secondary sense of fulfilling fairly whatever one undertakes—is the basis of tolerable social existence.

* * *

There is, however, a sense in which "to be just" cuts more deeply than it has been seen to in relation to bargains: it touches individual quality so closely that it becomes a question of linguistic suitability as to whether the word "just" should be used in respect of it, especially as it has to do with a something in human character which is called—quite erroneously—"moral." The decisive powers which give configuration to the grades of a community, and which fix its members' status, are not fundamentally based on bargains: the spirit which allows of bargains follows after. The decisive powers are indicated, as in a scale, by the outcome of a struggle which is always after the nature of a fight. The struggles are waged almost to exhaustion before such a scale is arrived at, and it is roughly on calculations based on their outcome, that the spirit in which subsequent bargains are struck takes its tone and temper. Before one arrives at the point where one can be "just" in the secondary sense there has been this preliminary assessment of values which have decided what is "just" in the first degree.

Assessment of one's worth precedes all one's bargaining: what is a "just" bargain for one is absurd and fantastic for another to contemplate. What is "just" for one, is based on what one "is" and "has."

This account—the basis of agreement—comprises the sum total of one's entire competence. To swell it fraud, deception, misrepresentation, bounce, swagger, "honest" miscalculation—all these things may enter—in an attempt to confuse the exact value. They are all means endeavouring to conceal what is just: to make assessment inexact, not nicely balanced on the precise worth of the parties with intent to confuse others as to one's just dues. Now one's just due is what one can obtain if one chooses to put the particular issue to a test of trial by strength. It is a corollary following from one's competence.

Now it is one of the most obvious facts of life that the "competence" of individuals varies: varies to an enormous extent: and it follows, therefore, that what each individual can, in subsequent bargains, "justly" demand (justly, *i.e.*, with due regard to the individual's powers effectively to back up his demand), varies equally. That is why the equality argument never cuts any deeper than sound. That men are "equal" is the cover instinctively sought by precisely those sentimentalists who "claim" the generous because they dislike the "just." For just as it is an obvious fact that individual competence varies enormously it is a fact equally obvious that nothing hurts the humanitarian (*i.e.*, the rhetorical

salvationist, equality-cum-rights) temperament more than an open recognition of it. The patent fact that men are not equal in the only sense that matters, *i.e.*, in power of life, is the humanitarian's skeleton in the cupboard. It is the universal secret known everywhere, mentioned nowhere.

We can perhaps make this primary aspect of what is "just" more clear by turning to a consideration of the "moral" for a while, and returning to show the connection between the rhetorical meanings of the two. Accurately "the moral," as we have pointed out before, is the "traditional" "the customary." The fact that it belongs to the crowd, and describes the way of the crowd, explains why it exists in such good odour with them: it explains why it is the ready catch of all those who seek to win the favour of the crowd. To advocate a thing because it is moral is obvious flattery: it means "your"—therefore "good." Quite possibly it is "good" since it appears as such to them; and since they cling to it, it shows itself a reliable habit for them at least. The moralists, however, are not content with this account of the amount of merit in their appeal to the populace for favour under the ægis of the moral. They endeavour rather to imply that the "moral" is one and the same with that force of spirit which is the kernel of all personal competence. It is worth while being quite definite as to what this "spirit force" is, and since there is a popular word which is used in almost the exact connotation, this should not be difficult. The word "character" (which only inasmuch as it has been erroneously identified with the "moral" is synonymous with stodge) the word "character" will serve. Character is the living energy—varying in strength and differing in quality which, strong, weak or indifferent, is the ultimate individual competence which must be there before it can be directed towards any activity whatsoever.

More often than not strong character turns to new kinds of activity, leaving the moral, and courage being justified of her children, manages to inaugurate a new practice: which weaker characters later will doubtless make moral, *i.e.*, imitate, and probably vitiate by imitation. Character is the worth—the power—in an individual apart from the thing he does though *what* he does is determined by what it is. The differences in character are not differences in "morals," "ways," "habits"; they are such differences as exist between a strong magnetic current and a feeble one: or between a scraggy bramble and an oak: both "good" to themselves, no doubt: but not needing and certainly not receiving identical treatment. To speak of morals when one means character is to speak of attitudes when one actually means "values."

* * *

In order more strongly to assert that "men are equal," weak but kindly persons choose to slur lightly over this question of individual force: they are afraid to seek out the one reason why some men are cuffed while others do the cuffing, and because they dare not face this fact, upon which what is "just" primarily is based, they change their cry from the just to the generous: and practise a little innocent but highly misleading bounce by calling the desired generosity—Justice. The bounce will go just a little way—but not far: certainly not far enough to make much material change in their condition.

Let us take as illustration the present outcry against the wage "system" (so-called). The "system" is to be abolished because, forsooth, it is "immoral" and "unjust." Just note: the very same breath which states it to be immoral, and against the deepest instincts of men—also declares that it is almost ineradicable, that it has worked itself into the very tissue of civilisation, so much so that men's minds are hypnotised by it—their very speech is at one with it, and that they cannot shed the phraseology which embodies it, but having shaken off one phrase will use another in which it is as deeply implicated. To settle down to work for subsistence wages, whether under the old slave order or this new wage system is shown to be an instinctive level to which the mass of men have set themselves throughout history. Well then: whatever the receiving of wages may not be—

it certainly is the custom: it is habitual: *Moral*. More than any other feature common to mankind throughout the ages the custom of being paid for labour done in terms of wages—kind or coin—is the most unmistakable. Working for wages is certainly moral—so exceedingly so that we shall feel compelled, one of these days, to go into the reason why. It is hurtful, too, we are told. If so, let those who are hurt by it tell us how. If it is hurtful it is a very interesting example of the undoubtedly "moral" being only questionably "good." Doubtless what such writers mean when they say it is immoral is that wage earning is not compatible with the temper of persons of strong and original character. Which seems fairly true, since wage earning for the masses has involved the labouring on other men's schemes in which the labourers have little or no personal interest; in the main, their toil is menial, servile, obedient, submissive, and they themselves are open to suffer insult and contumely.

* * *

Then why do they persist in it? One tells them that it is hurtful: but they should know best. As to whether the shoe pinches it is the wearer who is the best judge. All that an onlooker can say is this "wage shoe" is of such a shape as would make the wearing of it torture to feet of certain mould. But the wages-shoe seems to suit wage-earners very well: they require a very great deal of persuasion before they can be induced to say a word against it, and even then the very words which would seem to rebuke its strictures look always to its continued wear. Names matter little: they take it off as "shoe" and promptly put it on again freshly labelled "slipper." The fact is, it appears to be made to measure: it *adjusts* itself to the total of their actual competence. Certainly masters and men are not bargaining in the dark: from time to time they have tried their strength, and their present relations are the adjustments which have followed as the outcome of these trials. The competence of the wage-earners cannot be put at a high figure when one bears in mind that they have barely arrived at the point where bargaining is at all possible. They come to the masters as beggars: *begging* to be allowed to accomplish their purposes for them, and at their own request their energies are bought up for that purpose. On the strength of their own powers they are not in a position to make an advantageous bargain. Nor do they. When by combination with others as incompetent, *i.e.*, powerless, as themselves they are able with some show of success to ask that rates be at least thus much, it is often accorded by the employer because it is more convenient not to haggle: or because he can afford it: or because it pleases him to be generous and he pities the poor men's plight.

That the trade unions by a device called the monopoly of labour have managed to secure a certain semblance of bargaining has given the union wage-earners a sense of heightened status which is likely to prove highly misleading: they are likely to confuse a reluctance to incur inconvenience into a recognition of existing competence which belongs only to positive exercise of power. The results of the exercising of a monopoly over labour, of strikes and other obstructive tactics are purely negative, and in the long run will prove nugatory. Men are not irreplaceable: an ominous feature for those who would establish monopolies. Machines will go a very long way with such work as the mass of wage-earners perform. The crucial test of competence is not what men can force others to disburse, but what each has the power to set about producing for himself. That employers set no great store by the "claims" of the trade unions is proved by their determination not to yield over the question of non-union labour. These "negative" shows of power, in effect, exhibitions of absence of power, are not likely to bring people with the long purses down on their knees. If then, we were to sum up the wage-earners' dues in terms of what is primarily and secondarily just, it becomes clear that their case has to do with character rather than with morals and will find its way out of the slough of wage-earning when they can rely on what is just and dispense with the generous.

* * *

First, as to the sorts and sizes of wages. No honest-minded man can contend in the main that these are unjust: that they offend as violating the terms of a bargain. On the contrary, wage-earners are seldom in a position sufficiently strong to make a bargain. They beg and receive—work with wages attached. They do the work which is given them, tolerably. They take their wages whether the concern pays or loses: on the whole they hope it "pays," since of a certainty they would not be employed for long unless there was a prospect of profit from their employ to the one who employs them. Just as they know that they would not work but for the certainty of wages, they should know that an employer would not employ them but for the hope of profits in one form or another. If the wage-earner does not like the arrangement, he can always leave and start a concern of his own. If he will face "justly" the actual reason why he has not already done so, he will allow that it is because he feels he has not the competence behind him—either in ability or possessions, or both, to start a concern for profit to himself: otherwise he would set about it. If in the future he ever feels he can—he will. His present talk about the "surplus value" which he "creates" is so much self-deception. He "creates" nothing in the initiatory sense. He does the work he applied for, is paid for, and would get the sack for not doing. He had no thought for the "created" profits when he undertook the work. His thought was to get and keep the job. His "right" to make someone else give him work; his "right" to make someone else refuse to give others work; his "right" to a certain amount of pay; his "right" to "surplus value" are afterthoughts, and poor ones. For if he had had the "might," the "competence" to cover the wide expanse of these "rights," he would not be in the position of a beggar asking for the favour of a job from a master: he would have set about being his own master: the one thing which to this day the ordinary wage-earner steadily refuses to be. That he has begun to call his shoe a slipper in no way mitigates the obstinacy of this refusal.

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Of course, his self-appointed apologists have a host of "reasons": it would, in fact, be strange if the wage-earners in common with everyone else, could not find an inexhaustible supply for not doing what they have no inclination to do.

But their intellectual friends have made out a pretty case for them: based on the quite questionable assumption that their present downtrodden condition is not a fair index of their actual competence, and that the primary assessment of their weight is "injust." Their contention is that how they *can* be treated is no index that they cannot prevent themselves from being so treated: that their competential assessment is out of date, and that they are good for more now than when affairs became adjusted to them in their present subordinate position. And, of course, in the course of time, character values constantly change, but when they are changed in a marked degree there will be a fight—we call it a revolution—to assess anew powers to the extent to which they have changed. During such a struggle there exists a state of war in which scruples respecting the terms of contracts, the usages common to times of peace, the respect of property, and the like, will be abrogated: while the combatants will press into the waging of their contentions their entire strength, compounded of armed force, intelligence, cunning, present possessions, friends, past obligations, charm and grace, which may serve them to win allies or break the fierceness of attack. When the campaign has been fought out to exhaustion, in the lull which follows there will emerge the new estimate which each must take of other's competence: an estimate which will serve for many years to come. Whereupon the harsher terms of what is primarily "just" having been for another space decided, the period will arrive when that which is "just" in the secondary degree, and which applies to terms fixed by contract, can re-establish itself. Thus war—open war—is not in its nature opposed to peace: it is a necessary preliminary of peace. The years of peace are based on conclusions of relative strength which can only be arrived at in war: conclu-

sions which assert what is basically "just" whether in relation to international or intranational powers. A class or a nation will from time to time precipitate a struggle on primary terms, and for the time will regard all contractual documents between themselves and their opponents as torn up. After the issue, what was before reckoned "primarily just" will be re-adjusted. That is precisely what the term "to re-adjust" means, viz. to make a hitherto accepted assessment fit more exactly to the powers that are. So we can state the conclusion: In times of peace if we make bargains it is expedient to be content to satisfy and be satisfied with their simple fulfilment: and it is in no wise feasible to attempt to

bludgeon the contractors, employers or others, into doing favours. But war declared, all bargaining is finished for the time being, and what one *may* demand is about to be decided on the strength of arguments not verbal but competential. What is "just" is for the moment in doubt, but will be made clear by the lie of the combatants at the close of the campaign. A revolting class, which has not an instinctive feel that this is the gist of the situation is so little advanced on the path of revolt as scarcely to be entitled to bear that description. And nothing good—for them or others—will come of hurrying them. One rises—when one is able.

D.M.

VIEWS AND COMMENTS.

[T] was the late lamented Queen Victoria who immortalised in a phrase a little gust of emotion which is familiar to us all, but to which most of us are too shy, or too cautious to give utterance. The incident which was able to knock this angust maiden off her perch, and betray her into a very human indiscretion was the sudden announcement of her accession to the throne, whereupon she ejaculated, "I will be good," "I will be good." Who is there who has not felt such a spasm, and luckily bitten his tongue just as he was on the point of giving expression to it? Luckily—because people do so seem to expect one to live up to one's utterances, when after all, spasms are spasms—and horrible if they are mistaken for permanencies, dragging a code of conduct after them. If only some discerning person had been on the spot to explain the correct theory of spasms to the new Queen, how might she not have suppressed, instead of encouraging, all those dreadful bores of her era, who emulated her in the rôle of being good! Because, be it noted, she did not say she *was* good, which would have been at least impudent, if not exciting: she said she *would* be, obviously with her mind's eye on a manner of conduct not altogether native to herself. So was she—good and dull—and when ultimately she died, she unfortunately omitted to take her spiritual progeny with her. We have them yet, and they multiply and prosper, expecting us all to step out to the rhythm of "we will be good"—"we will be good."

* * *

Of course, one hears the endorsing chorus—And a very good thing, too"—rising from the hosts of salvation. And we understand why. "Being good," in addition to being very plaguey for oneself, and being (could we say?) most interestingly "nosey" in relation to others, involves the practice of a precept too well rubbed into human consciousness to be wholly without effect. To "turn the other cheek" and receive a second smack from an offending individual instead of administering a smart one in return—is ideally "good" conduct of the modern version. It is, in fact, to be "generous" rather than "just": which makes it clearer from whence a new species of revolters have imbibed their peculiar doctrines, and acquired the effrontery to express them. They believe that the "haves" "ought" to be "good" because this is the burden of all modern teaching. The gist of salvationism is to build up a communal tradition of conduct which shall be regulated by what is "generous" rather than by what is "just." To erect a scheme designed on a basis of goodwill is their heart's desire. And goodwill means to be fired with the intention to be "generous" rather than "just," a sequence salvationists hope will have the same stability as its opposite. They take no count of the spasmodic nature of the impulse towards the "good," but hopefully persevere in their task of attaching wheels to an eagle. The latest example of this misguided attempt to put excellent forces to unserviceable uses comes to us in a volume of essays on "National Guilds" (Bell and Sons, 5s. net), which is offered to the public by Mr. Orage, the editor of our contemporary, "The New Age."

A collection of essays intended to propound, in a

reversion to guilds, a new version of salvation. The essays are, we gather, reprints of articles which have already appeared in "The New Age," and are accordingly written in good "journalese": good, that is, none of the writers' sentences are left wanting in any of their parts. Now good journalese is a very telling form of prose-writing: excellent within its own limits. Its virtues are that it gets on with the narrative and tells a tale as effectively as it can be told with expedition. It reaches its readers because it does not mince with terms: but accepting them with all their confused associations of meaning, uses them without a qualm, leaving the selection of meaning to the reader. Journalese is especially appropriate as the language of "news"; it is in its right place in the relating of incident and fact. Latterly it has deservedly fallen into disrepute because it has overstepped its limits and attempted tasks for which, by its nature, it is disqualified, and where indeed its very particular merit of forthrightness is an added offence. Its efforts to disport itself in such an inquiry as that presented by the subtle complex woven by the interplay of human motives have effects as disastrous as those which would ensue were a racing car to try to show its powers in narrow streets and crowded thoroughfares. A racing-car requires a fairly clear track, and so does journalese; the words over which it makes such speed must be straightforward: stripped of all doubtful meaning. With such words as those whose vague and ambiguous connotations are the root-cause of philosophic controversies it can or should have nothing to do. And when, for instance, in addition a good journalist, i.e., one who can write good journalese, will slip and write bad journalese, a quite definite word like "crime" in a sentence like this: "To reduce the untiring efforts of mankind to the level of cotton and coal is a *crime* and a sin against the Holy Ghost," one can imagine how he will use such words as democracy, morals, ethics, justice, sin, and "surplus value." As the writers of "National Guilds" have had the misfortune to attempt to provide a basis founded on a valuation of human motive for their system, and as they have not attempted to look at the springs of human motives any deeper than a slipshod acceptance of the popular use of such words as above mentioned, it follows, that they do not offer the preliminary part of their exposition to serious readers. Even putting the subtler evaluations of human motives aside it makes hard reading to see a word like democracy advanced as though there existed a common understanding as to what democracy implies or as though in this country its implication were understood sufficiently to allow of its merits being seriously canvassed. Accordingly, the insinuation that democratic institutions are without question advantageous, and an easy appeal built up on that makes it impossible to accord the preliminary part of this exposition anything beyond the recognition of ready speciousness which one allows to the usual stump orator. It must be dismissed as not having taken the first step towards serious inquiry; it has not started with an examination of the terms about whose meaning there lies the doubt. The writers have been content to profit by ambiguity speciously to

"tell a tale": just where exposition is most needed they fix their base and take the position for granted. The result is propaganda: that usual misleading thing called a "constructive social proposal."

* * *

Apart from the introduction of unfortunate and ill-comprehended terms, perhaps dragged into the argument for elegance' sake and a sort of curate's impressiveness, the book bases its case upon two assumptions, both, we think, quite untenable. The assumptions are: (1) That the present state of affairs is intolerable, and (2) That it is leading to a condition of even greater hatefulness, which is described as the "Servile State." Now, when one endeavours to be honest about facts, one has to confess that the present state of affairs is not at all intolerable: we all seem to be bearing up very well, especially the wage-earners, who are supposed to be resenting it with a special intensity: it is indeed those who are not wage-earners who appear to be conscious of a certain inadequacy. Of the horrors of the "Servile State" itself we can fairly judge, for *this is it*. To think that it is necessary to place the "Servile State" in the future is to fail to understand what is implied by it. It is doubtful whether we could average out at anything more "servile," even in degree, than we are at present. Certainly not in kind. Most of us serve, and appear to find it not only tolerably comfortable, but to glory in it. Indeed, "I serve" looks very well on crests and badges: while as for those amiable and obvious persons, the politicians, who are made out to play so sinister a part in the threatened conspiracy, *they* are not making us "servile"—they couldn't—our own private efforts in that line are not to be bettered. They appear to be simply tidying up the mess a little, presumably to make them feel happier in accepting the money they get for their jobs.

* * *

Let us brace up our nerves and look squarely at this word "servile." There is no obscure connotation attached to it. A person who has not the wherewithal to be independent to be his own master, must needs be as "servile" as anyone need be under any conceivable circumstances whatsoever; and it makes very little difference who the master is, or whether there is one, or two, or a multitude. Now, the very fact that it is possible for the theory of "Guilds" to be elaborated at this time of day, and with some show of enthusiasm, offers the best proof of how well the "servile condition" suits us all: for guilds present just another variation of the attempt to dodge the first condition of independence. To seek to establish industrial guilds is not an effort to work oneself free of a master, but to secure an additional and more powerful master. It is not an effort towards the acquisition of property, *i.e.*, possessions of *one's own*, which is the entrenchment behind which one can ride one's life after the manner of one's personal inclination: it is an unblushing announcement of a willingness to stand and deliver the little bit one has—one's energy—to the custodianship of a police possessed of far greater powers of preventing resumption of property than any individual or corporate body known to history. The very thin plea that each little "guildsman" is to own the whole guild should not, after the practical experience of a century of representative government, deceive an infant. It is, indeed, very odd that anyone, after being witness to, and acknowledging the disappointing failure of the representative system in politics, should have started out, bald-headed to apply the self-same system to industry. Matters of politics do not concern us more than a trifle but industrial concerns are matters of great and immediate importance. The line of mental development of persons who argue that a system tried and found wanting when applied to one set of affairs must therefore be all that can be desired when applied to more important affairs, is difficult to follow. The truth of the situation is that quite intelligent men have been misled by the concept of "bigness." They have, for instance, imagined one big world, whereas, in the actual, "the" world has no existence save as the various outlooks of each of those who wake up the myriad of unique existences.

"Reformers" have tried to get a comprehensive view of the "world's work"—which does not exist save in their own imagination—and they have come to neglect and hold lightly work viewed from its only real aspect—the personal satisfying of needs and wants as they rise up spontaneously from each varying individual: and from thence there has sprung an erroneous notion of "economy," itself in turn closely tracked by an erroneous notion of "waste." All this amalgamation of industries: this "elimination of waste" by joining up big businesses is a wild attempt to catch up with the initial error of imagining that "all" are responsible for each, which is a corollary following from that blatantly grotesque parody of a generalisation known pseudo-scientifically as "Society an Organism," of which "Members of one Body" is the theological variety.

* * *

Perhaps never since the days of the Chartists have the activities of those belonging to the lower-paid classes of workers been in the popular estimation regarded as possessing forces so vital and fateful as the forces known as syndicalist are to-day: and while they are hard put to it to give an account of the arresting quality, and are indeed inclined to give credence to accounts in proportion to the degree in which they are fantastic, they nevertheless feel the potentiality lying in it. Now the genius of syndicalism amounts to this: it gives expression in concrete shape to a revolt against the "Society an Organism" acceptance of social life. It expresses a revolt of those who, following the lines of this theory, must presumably be against filling the rôle of the trimmings of the beard or the parings of nails—those parts of the organism which are sacrificed in order to enhance the beauty of the whole; it voices the objections of those who are reckoned as nail-parings and clippings where others presumably are head, heart and eyes, or other indispensable, honoured and well-cared-for features. Holding up the coal-supply or the means of transit or committing any of the sundry acts of offence and destruction comprised under the label *sabotage* is the protest of the less honourable members of the body against the direction of the higher powers—the brain-what-not of the body as a whole. It is as though the rebelling hair should swiftly convert itself into whip-cord or lightning to smite the barber or his client: or as if the sacrificial finger nail from which its owner seeks to sever himself should turn into a sword with will and intention in it, and smite the hand which manipulates the scissors. The directing power of such an "organism" would be considerably shocked, no doubt: so much so as to question the advisability of separating from such "members." The same notion is behind the "principle" of being good (the *principle* as distinct from the *whim*). One returns good for evil *on principle*, on the same basis of reasoning as that on which one carefully tends a limb which ails constantly and gives its owner pain. It is because they are members of one body.

Syndicalism is a protest (vainly inarticulate) against a concept which has increased in strength steadily during the Christian era: it is an instinctive preference for the admonition "Call no man master" as against the democratic principle: "Ye are all members one of another." That this revolting spirit now keenly alive in a limited number of wage-earners should have used trade unions rather than some other as an instrument of offence and defence affects the nature of its motive no more than the choice of a chopper rather than a garden-hose would affect our motive if one were suddenly approached by a mad dog: one would have chosen which ever was handiest for the occasion.

* * *

The fact, however, that they *have* used the trade unions as a means has been productive of certain very interesting but very erroneous conceptions. Of the misconceptions thus created, perhaps those indicated by the writings of the authors of "National Guilds" are amongst the most noteworthy. The advocates of the guilds have endeavoured to be in the swim of two fashions at one and the same time. Besides syndi-

calism, which is a practice rather than a theory, the most notable tendency of the last few years has been the swing from collectivism towards egoism. It is true that the crowd is just now surging in full tide towards collectivism—in social as well as religious and philosophical affairs: that makes no matter; the strongest forces are set against it; and the popular collectivist triumph is already lawdry and of the vulgar. Now, "National Guilds" is the effort of certain collectivists—honest enough—to cover the badges of their collectivism. They are wholly unsuccessful: everything which has of late years been said to discredit State-collectivism could be said with four-fold emphasis to discredit this double-handled engine of State-recognised, State-recognising, National Industrial Guilds. This effort to escape the reproach of State-collectivism has resulted in the conception of a State-fortified guild-collectivism. If the Servile State means anything more than a condition where in addition to the mass of the people being so propertyless that they must of necessity work for wages on the property of governors—the owners—it means the establishment of a police with powers to invade one's most intimate concerns and interfere with one's means of securing vital necessities; and the enormous industrial guild system possessing the "instruments of production," with the politicians holding the estate, is in a hundredfold stronger position to bring this latter about. Under the guilds the propertyless will still be propertyless—owning nothing fundamentally wealth-producing of *their own*. A political bureaucracy is to be backed up by an industrial one: which two, as organisations, will negotiate with each other. The mass are to serve: that is, do as they are told on the governors' jobs—for wages which are then to be decorated with the title "pay": the abolition of the wage-system, according to the "National Guilds" is to be effected by calling the "shoe" the "slipper." The volume contains a chapter enlarging on "pay" in the Army, which is so striking in its lack of penetration into the implications of wages and pay in general and pay in the Army in particular, that we hope to go into the canases which can give rise to a mal-comprehension so complete in a later issue.

* * *

Not comprehending that the importance which syndicalism gives to trade unionism is merely adventitious the propounders of the National Guilds propose to install them as the lungs of their new social system. Now in proposals of changes as comprehensive and vast as one must expect the effects of the guilds to be it should be necessary to take views a little beyond to-morrow. Now the present unions have sprung up as local institutions to protect the labour which clustered into localities primarily decided upon by the location of machines. The trade unions are the outcome of the nature and (in addition) the *size* of the machines, and the stability and permanence of the unions primarily depend upon the continuance of like attributes in the machines. It therefore requires to be pointed out that if there are two modern and patently existent tendencies—egoism and syndicalism—which the "Guildsmen" have taken into account only to miscomprehend there is an incipient tendency of vast importance of which they have taken no account at all: the tendency following the advent of electricity to reconvert the enormous machine back into the individualised maniable tool. What the effects of this may be—geographically as well as industrially—the change from agricultural to industrial England effected by the advent of the steam engine will sufficiently indicate. It therefore becomes evident that the enormous organisation of which the trade union is typical is threatened not merely by the spiritedness of human temper, but even more by the inward sweep of its intelligence: and robbed of the integrating force supplied by the amalgamation of employed persons (servants) engaged in numbers upon a "master's" trade, the bottom falls out of the unions, and there remains nothing wherewith to create the national industrial guild.

* * *

To sum up: Syndicalism is in its infancy and is confused in its expression. What it means to say, and

what it will say when it is more accustomed to itself is that the workers' great quarrel with employers has been a vast irrelevance: that the workers themselves are responsible each for himself and that if they are "down" it is their business to find the ways and means of getting up: that their task is a much nearer, simpler, yet more difficult one than that of "undertaking the world's work." It is attending to *their own* business—not a master's nor any other—themselves finding out the means how, and applying them. When they do that on an extended scale the spectre of the "servile state" not merely in its dressed out hogey-form of state or guild socialism, but in the existence of an actually "serving" population such as at present exists in this nation will have vanished. With the renewed realisation that "each is responsible for himself and his" but not for all, the questions of "the decline of crafts," "the economy of production and distribution," and "the elimination of waste" will be found to have eliminated themselves.

D. M.

MIST.

The wet earth sleeps;
And through her pure, sad veil one only sees
Sheer steep of twilight, or blue sudden forms
Of wondering things that wait, with bright drops hung.
Only one wood-dove, wistfully awake:
It seems so long since any bird has sung,
Or any days been less forlorn than these,—

Like tall weeds, still,
Within a listening lake,—
The patient holy trees.

MARGARET MAITLAND RAYFORD.

NOTICE TO READERS.

Owing to delay in connection with the securing of the American copyright the series of articles by Miss Marsden, announced in the last issue, on the "Philosophic Basis of Egoism," is being held over.—[Ed. Egoist.]

EDITORIAL.

Letters, &c., intended for the Editor should be addressed to Oakley House, Bloomsbury Street, London, W.C.

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REVIEWS.

HOWEVER often gentlemen from Highgate and the adjacent suburbs may write and protest it is nevertheless true that the majority of the poetry of the last century had nothing to do with life and very little to do with poetry. There was a plague of prettiness and a plague of pomposity and several other minor diseases—such as over-much suavity, the cult of decorated adjectives. And except for Browning and a little of Swinburne there was no energy which was not bombast, no rendering of life without an Anglican moral, no æsthetic without æsthetic cant.

All that is quite a commonplace, of course, but it cannot be hammered in too often. As long as the writers in this country go on in a blind and almost exclusive worship of the "great figures" of the Elizabethan and of the Victorian ages, poetry will get weaker and more tedious, more feebly echoing what has been echoed *ad nauseam*. But there are some writers—a very few—who have more or less turned their backs on all the old stuff (not that they don't know it and haven't appreciated it and probably imitated it in their time) and are trying to put new force into the tired old English language. It is with these writers that *THE EGOTIST* is mostly concerned.

We, the poets of to-day, are obviously concerned with to-day. Futurism—an excellent generic term—is the most powerful artistic force. And Futurism when it is properly understood is not merely a cult of the motor-bus and the aeroplane—a point which was excellently made by Wyndham Lewis in last week's "New Weekly." Futurism, as I see it, is a state of mind. It implies that one lives naturally in the great centre of Anglo-Saxon civilisation, and that one acts and thinks and writes accordingly. There is in Futurism no cult of the "simple life" in any of its many forms, no affected archaism—or affected modernity, for that matter—no sort of monkeying with life. The art of to-day—which is what is meant by Futurism, I take it—does not imply a severance with the past. It would be rather idiotic for a historian to try and chronicle the year 1914, unless he knew something of what had gone before. And it is equally idiotic for the poet to try and record the emotions of the time unless he has studied the history of his art. The danger which Futurism warns him off is the danger of becoming obsessed with the past, over-horne by old masters, to the utter exclusion of present life and the death of individuality. There can be no life or interest or beauty in an art which is produced in accordance with the canons of twenty or fifty or even a thousand years ago. They simply don't fit. That is why it is ridiculous and dull to write of Hampstead Heath or of a tramcar in the language and metre which served to express the soul of Tennyson or Congreve.

* * *

I have several books and magazines of poetry beside me waiting for review; a small proportion illustrates the somewhat blundering remarks I have just made and the rest is the sort of feeble imitative stuff we all complain of but haven't the courage to kill by derision.

The June number of "Poetry"* will be for ever memorable on account of its publication of Mr. Ford Madox Hueffer's most beautiful poem "On Heaven." I have a great dislike for superlatives but it is certain that one must be used here; Mr. Hueffer's poem is the greatest poem written in this century—at least in English. I hesitate to say how many other centuries I am tempted by enthusiasm to add to this present fourteen-year old one.

Some few weeks ago, Mr. Hueffer, out of the goodness of his heart and his care for *les jeunes*, wrote a couple of essays on a book of new poetry. At the time I thought that his praise was more than deserved, and I suppose I still think so, but after several readings of "On Heaven" I am driven to admit that *les jeunes* must take a back seat—at least for a time. "On Heaven" is a challenge to us; do better we scarcely can; it is up to

us to do as well. Meanwhile, for once we must be content to admit that one at least of our elders has written better poetry than we. It is our turn to render to Cæsar the honour which is Cæsar's, and if any ungenerous person remark on the fact that *les jeunes* praise Mr. Hueffer after Mr. Hueffer has praised *les jeunes*, we reply that since Mr. Hueffer is practically the only person bright enough to appreciate *les jeunes*, the latter are the only persons with sufficient intelligence to appreciate Mr. Hueffer.

I suppose that we like this poem so much because it has in it something that was not very often present in Mr. Hueffer's other poetry—I mean the power of conveying an impression of extraordinary emotional intensity. As a rule Mr. Hueffer's poetry does not bear quotation; he sets out to give you an impression, and he does it—in a whole poem or a whole novel. "On Heaven" is written in very much the same way, but it contains one or two passages which stand by themselves and which illustrate extremely well the great emotional quality of the poem:—

" . . . Well, you see, in England
She had a husband. And four families—
His, hers, mine, and another woman's too—
Would have gone crazy. And, with all the rest,
Eight parents, and the children, seven aunts
And sixteen uncles and a grandmother.
There were, besides, our names, a few real friends,
And the decencies of life. A monstrous heap!
They made a monstrous heap. I've lain awake
Whole aching nights to tot the figures up!
Heap after heaps, of complications, griefs,
Worries, tongue-clackings, nonsenses and shame
For not making good. You see the coil there was!
And the poor strained fibres of our tortured brains,
And the voice that called from depth in her to depth
In me . . . my God, in the dreadful nights,
Through the roar of the great black winds, through
the sound of the sea!
Oh agony! Agony! From out my breast
It called whilst the dark house slept, the stairheads
creaked;
From within my breast it screamed and made no
sound;
And wailed . . . And made no sound.
And howled like the damned. . . . No sound! No
sound!
Only the roar of the wind, the sound of the sea,
The tick of the clock . . .
And our two voices noiseless through the dark.
O God! O God!"

If I were doing this appreciation properly I should go on and point out how admirable that passage is because of the gradual working up of the emotion from the conversational "Well, you see," to the sudden agonised cry "O God! O God!" I should point out the art of the thing, how the mind of the artist was absolutely calm, so that these almost frenzied emotions came through quite clear and unconfused. But I am a rotten critic; there's no doubt about it. And it's better not to mess around with a very beautiful thing. And there is quite a good appreciation of Mr. Hueffer in the prose section of this number of Poetry. All I can add is this: when I first heard "On Heaven," I had first of all a sensation of a great tenderness and then mixed up with it a feeling that love was an extraordinary and wonderful and beautiful thing, that perhaps, after all, "God is a good man, God is a kind man," that if I'd had people talk like that about Heaven when I was sixteen I should now be a Roman Catholic as well as a sentimentalist. . . . For the primary appeal of this poem is to one's sentiment—and that doesn't make it a bit the less fine and dynamic and all the rest of it. Only it gives one the perhaps too-comfortable feeling that it was written by a very kindly human being instead of by a young man of immense arrogance and considerable talent and much impatience. That, after all, seems to me the difference between Mr. Hueffer and the young men he praised the other day. And it is right for youth to be arrogant, and we hope that when *les jeunes* arrive at Mr. Hueffer's

* "Poetry: A Magazine of Verse." June number. 543, Cass Street, Chicago, U.S.A., 15 cents.

time of life they will have as much kindness and toleration and real genius as he has.

It is somewhat curious, or rather it is just as it should be, that Mr. Hueffer's poem should be printed in an American periodical and Mr. Frost's book* of poems should be printed by an English publisher. Mr. Frost is an American and his book is American. We in England are rather apt to be scornful of American poetry—and rightly so, for there is nothing so appallingly boring as the average American cosmic poem. It is the ultimate Thule of tedium. When one realises this it doesn't take long to find out why Mr. Frost preferred an English publisher; he is not cosmic and he is not sentimental and not patriotic and—great virtue—not imitative. That is perhaps beginning at the wrong end; one should say first what he is.

I think that with our ingrained prejudice against American poetry it would be very difficult to over-praise Mr. Frost's book. He is one of the extremely few American poets who have had sufficient individuality to be American. Mr. Frost is a better poet than Whittier. I hear it whispered that he is better than Whitman. That is going some. Perhaps he is. At any rate he has put between his two green covers more of a certain kind of American life than any other American poet I have read.

I have never been to America; I know nothing whatever about New England farms or New England people; or rather I should say I *did* know nothing about them, because after reading Mr. Frost's book I feel that I know them quite well. It is in cumulative effect rather than in detail that Mr. Frost gets his results. He tells you a little or a big incident in rather stumbling blank verse, places two or three characters before you, and then tells you another incident with fresh characters, making you more interested all the time, until at the end of the book you realise that in a simple unaffected sort of way he has put before you the whole life of the people "North of Boston."

The initial plunge into Mr. Frost's book is a little difficult. Quite frankly, it seems dull, devilish dull. And yet it isn't. I quite thought it was dull. I was certain of it. And yet I have gone on reading a poem here and a poem there during the last fortnight until I am positively fascinated with the book. I think the reason for this apparent dullness is due to the monotonous cadence of the verse. Line follows line with almost exactly the same rhythm and tone, and it is only when one comes to the poem called "After Apple-Picking" that one realises how very monotonous the verse of the other poems is. I understand that Mr. Frost tries to use in his poetry the speech of every-day life. That is an excellent thing; but there is surely more variation of rhythm in our ordinary talk. It may not be so in New England; and, of course, I may be mistaken; I put it up to Mr. Frost to enlighten us on this point.

Simplicity of speech, directness of treatment, episodes of life not too obviously treated—these are qualities of Mr. Frost's poetry, and very excellent ones too. Occasionally the characterisation is a little vague—in "The Generations of Men," for example—but in "A Hundred Collars" it is extraordinarily good. The latter piece is very humorous in a dry Yankee sort of fashion. Mr. Frost has a very good notion of starting a poem, of "getting it in," so to speak. Thus, from "The Black Cottage":—

"We chanced in passing by that afternoon
To catch it in a sort of special picture
Among tar-banded ancient cherry trees,
Set well back from the road in rank lodged grass,
The little cottage we were speaking of,
A front with just a door between two windows,
Fresh painted by the shower a velvet black."

That is a very good bit of presentation; it would be almost perfect if the rhythm were shaken up a bit. That is why the poem, called "After Apple-Picking," comes with such peculiar pleasure. It has all Mr. Frost's

directness and simplicity without the monotonous cadence:—

"My long two-pointed ladder's sticking through a
tree
Toward Heaven still,
And there's a barrel that I didn't fill
Beside it, and there may be two or three
Apples I didn't pick upon some bough.
But I am done with apple-picking now.
Essence of winter sleep is on the night,
The scent of apples: I am drowsing off." Etc.

I recognise in Mr. Frost a poet who has done for his part of America in his own way what we want done for London in ours. He has avoided most of the faults of contemporary poetry—and yet he has plenty of his own. That question of rhythm bothers me immensely; and yet it shouldn't. Mr. Frost is obviously a poet; one has no right, I suppose, to try and fit him to the measure of one's own poetic foot-rule.

* * *

I have to leave two or three books, including Mr. Richard Curle's study of Conrad and some reviews—Poetry and Drama and *Les Soirées de Paris*—until the next number.

* * *

BLAST.

At the moment of going to press I have received a copy of "Blast"—at last actually out. It is a huge pink periodical of 160 pages. The title "Blast" is printed diagonally across both covers. There is no time for detailed criticism, but from a hasty glance through the manifestos and some of the contributions I can declare that this is the most amazing, energised, stimulating production I have ever seen. Death to the "English Review"! Death to the "Times"! Death warrant of tedious amorphous hangers-on from past eras! (I have caught the manner!)

Fuller criticism in next number.

The magazine contents are as follows: Manifestos—Poems by Ezra Pound—Enemy of the Stars, by Wyndham Lewis—The Saddest Story, by Ford Madox Hueffer—Indissoluble Matrimony, by Rebecca West—Inner Necessity, by Edward Wadsworth—Vortices and Notes by Wyndham Lewis—Frederic Spencer Gore, by Wyndham Lewis—Vortices by Pound and Gandier-Brzeska.

Illustrations by Edward Wadsworth, Wyndham Lewis, Frederic Etchells, W. Roberts, Jacob Epstein, Gandier-Brzeska, Cuthbert Hamilton, Spencer Gore.

RICHARD ALDINGTON.

A PORTRAIT OF THE ARTIST AS A YOUNG MAN.

By JAMES JOYCE.

STEPHEN was once again seated beside his father in the corner of a railway carriage at Kingsbridge. He was travelling with his father by the night mail to Cork. As the train steamed out of the station he recalled his childish wonder of years before and every event of his first day at Clongowes. But he felt no wonder now. He saw the darkening lands slipping away past him, the silent telegraph-poles passing his window swiftly every four seconds, the little glimmering stations, manned by a few silent sentries, flung by the mail behind her and twinkling for a moment in the darkness like fiery grains flung backwards by a runner.

He listened without sympathy to his father's evocation of Cork and of scenes of his youth—a tale broken by sighs or draughts from his pocket-flask whenever the

* North of Boston. By Robert Frost. David Nutt, 3s. 6d. net.

image of some dead friend appeared in it, or whenever the evoker remembered suddenly the purpose of his actual visit. Stephen heard, but could feel no pity. The images of the dead were all strange to him save that of Uncle Charles, an image which had lately been fading out of memory. He knew, however, that his father's property was going to be sold by auction, and in the manner of his own dispossession he felt the world give the lie rudely to his phantasy.

At Maryborough he fell asleep. When he awoke the train had passed out of Mallow, and his father was stretched asleep on the other seat. The cold light of the dawn lay over the country, over the unpeopled fields and the closed cottages. The terror of sleep fascinated his mind as he watched the silent country or heard from time to time his father's deep breath or sudden sleepy movement. The neighbourhood of unseen sleepers filled him with strange dread, as though they could harm him, and he prayed that the day might come quickly. His prayer, addressed neither to God nor saint, began with a shiver, as the chilly morning breeze crept through the chink of the carriage door to his feet, and ended in a trail of foolish words which he made to fit the insistent rhythm of the train; and silently, at intervals of four seconds, the telegraph-poles held the galloping notes of the music between punctual bars. This furious music allayed his dread, and, leaning against the window ledge, he let his eyelids close again.

They drove in a jingle across Cork while it was still early morning, and Stephen finished his sleep in a bedroom of the Victoria Hotel. The bright warm sunlight was streaming through the window, and he could hear the din of traffic. His father was standing before the dressing-table, examining his hair and face and moustache with great care, craning his neck across the water jug and drawing it back sideways to see the better. While he did so he sang softly to himself with quaint accent and phrasing:

"'Tis youth and folly
Makes young men marry,
So here, my love, I'll
No longer stay.
What can't be cured, sure,
Must be injured, sure,
So I'll go to Amerikay.

"My love she's handsome,
My love she's boncy:
She's like good whisky
When it is new;
But when 'tis old
And growing cold
It fades and dies like
The mountain dew."

The consciousness of the warm sunny city outside his window and the tender tremors with which his father's voice festooned the strange sad-happy air, drove off all the mists of the night's ill-humour from Stephen's brain. He got up quickly to dress, and, when the song had ended, said:

"That's much prettier than any of your other *come-all-yous*."

"Do you think so?" asked Mr. Dedalus.

"I like it," said Stephen.

"It's a pretty old air," said Mr. Dedalus, twirling the points of his moustache. "Ah, but you should have heard Mick Lacy sing it! Poor Mick Lacy! He had little turns for it, grace-notes he used to put in that I haven't got. That was the boy who could sing a *come-all-you*, if you like."

Mr. Dedalus had ordered drisheens for breakfast, and during the meal he cross-examined the waiter for local news. For the most part they spoke at cross-purposes when a name was mentioned, the waiter having in mind the present holder and Mr. Dedalus, his father, or perhaps his grandfather.

"Well, I hope they haven't moved the Queen's College anyhow," said Mr. Dedalus, "for I want to show it to this youngster of mine."

Along the Mardyke the trees were in bloom. They entered the grounds of the college, and were led by the garrulous porter across the quadrangle. But their progress across the gravel was brought to a halt after every dozen or so paces by some reply of the porter's—

"Ah, do you tell me so? And is poor Pottlebelly dead?"

"Yes, sir. Dead, sir."

During these halts Stephen stood awkwardly behind the two men, weary of the subject and waiting restlessly for the slow march to begin again. By the time they had crossed the quadrangle his restlessness had risen to fever. He wondered how his father, whom he knew for a shrewd, suspicious man, could be duped by the servile manners of the porter; and the lively southern speech which had entertained him all the morning now irritated his ears.

They passed into the anatomy theatre where Mr. Dedalus, the porter aiding him, searched the desks for his initials. Stephen remained in the background, depressed more than ever by the darkness and silence of the theatre, and by the air it wore of jaded and formal study. On the desk he read the word *Fætus* cut several times in the dark stained wood. The sudden legend startled his blood: he seemed to feel the absent students of the college about him, and to shrink from their company. A vision of their life, which his father's words had been powerless to evoke, sprang up before him out of the word cut in the desk. A broad-shouldered student with a moustache was cutting in the letters with a jack-knife, seriously. Other students stood or sat near him laughing at his handiwork. One jogged his elbow. The big student turned on him, frowning. He was dressed in loose grey clothes and had tan boots.

Stephen's name was called. He hurried down the steps of the theatre so as to be as far away from the vision as he could be, and, peering closely at his father's initials, hid his flushed face.

But the word and the vision capered before his eyes as he walked back across the quadrangle and towards the college gate. It shocked him to find in the outer world a trace of what he had deemed till then a brutish and individual malady of his own mind. His monstrous reveries came thronging into his memory. They too had sprung up before him, suddenly and furiously, out of mere words. He had soon given in to them, and allowed them to sweep across and abase his intellect, wondering always where they came from, from what den of monstrous images, and always weak and humble towards others, restless and sickened of himself when they had swept over him.

"Ay, bedad! And there's the Groceries sure enough!" cried Mr. Dedalus. "You often heard me speak of the Groceries, didn't you, Stephen. Many's the time we went down there when our names had been marked, a crowd of us, Harry Peard and little Jack Mountain, and Bob Dyas and Maurice Moriarty, the Frenchman, and Tom O'Grady and Mick Lacey that I told you of this morning, and Joey Corbet and poor little good-hearted Johnny Keevers of the Tantiles."

The leaves of the trees along the Mardyke were astir and whispering in the sunlight. A team of cricketers passed, agile young men in flannels and blazers, one of them carrying the long green wicket-bag. In a quiet bye-street a German band of five players in faded uniforms, and with battered brass instruments, was playing to an audience of street arabs and leisurely messenger boys. A maid in a white cap and apron was watering a box of plants on a sill which shone like a slab of limestone in the warm glare. From another window open to the air came the sound of a piano, scale after scale, rising into the treble.

Stephen walked on at his father's side, listening to stories he had heard before, hearing again the names of the scattered and dead revellers who had been the companions of his father's youth. And a faint sickness sighed in his heart. He recalled his own equivocal position in Belvedere, a free boy, a leader afraid of his own authority, proud and sensitive and suspicious, battling against the squalor of his life and against the

riot of his mind. The letters cut in the stained wood of the desk stared upon him, mocking his bodily weakness and futile enthusiasms, and making him loathe himself for his own mad and filthy orgies. The spittle in his throat grew bitter and foul to swallow, and the faint sickness climbed to his brain, so that for a moment he closed his eyes and walked on in darkness.

He could still hear his father's voice—

"When you kick out for yourself, Stephen—as I dare say you will one of these days—remember, whatever you do, to mix with gentlemen. When I was a young fellow, I tell you I enjoyed myself. I mixed with fine decent fellows. Everyone of us could do something. One fellow had a good voice, another fellow was a good actor, another could sing a good comic song, another was a good oarsman or a good racket-player, another could tell a good story, and so on. We kept the hall rolling anyhow, and enjoyed ourselves and saw a bit of life, and we were none the worse of it either. But we were all gentlemen, Stephen—at least I hope we were—and bloody good honest Irishmen too. That's the kind of fellows I want you to associate with, fellows of the right kidney. I'm talking to you as a friend, Stephen. I don't believe a son should be afraid of his father. No, I treat you as your grandfather treated me when I was a young chap. We were more like brothers than father and son. I'll never forget the first day he caught me smoking. I was standing at the end of the South Terrace one day with some mannequins like myself, and sure we thought we were grand fellows because we had pipes stuck in the corners of our mouths. Suddenly the governor passed. He didn't say a word, or stop even. But the next day, Sunday, we were out for a walk together, and when we were coming home he took out his cigar case and said: 'By the by, Simon, I didn't know you smoked,' or something like that. Of course I tried to carry it off as best I could. 'If you want a good smoke,' he said, 'try one of these cigars. An American captain made me a present of them last night in Queenstown.'"

Stephen heard his father's voice break into a laugh, which was almost a sob.

"He was the handsomest man in Cork at that time, by God he was! The women used to stand to look after him in the street."

He heard the sob passing loudly down his father's throat, and opened his eyes with a nervous impulse. The sunlight breaking suddenly on his sight turned the sky and clouds into a fantastic world of sombre masses with lake-like spaces of dark rosy light. His very brain was sick and powerless. He could scarcely interpret the letters of the signboards of the shops. By his monstrous way of life he seemed to have put himself beyond the limits of reality. Nothing moved him or spoke to him from the real world unless he heard in it an echo of the infuriated cries within him. He could respond to no earthly or human appeal, dumb and insensible to the call of summer and gladness and companionship, wearied and dejected by his father's voice. He could scarcely recognise as his own thoughts, and repeated slowly to himself:

"I am Stephen Dedalus. I am walking beside my father, whose name is Simon Dedalus. We are in Cork, in Ireland. Cork is a city. Our room is in the Victoria Hotel. Victoria and Stephen and Simon. Simon and Stephen and Victoria. Names."

The memory of his childhood suddenly grew dim. He tried to call forth some of its vivid moments, but could not. He recalled only names. Dante, Parnell, Clane, Clongowes. A little boy had been taught geography by an old woman who kept two brushes in her wardrobe. Then he had been sent away from home to a college, he had made his first communion and eaten slim jim out of his cricket cap, and watched the firelight leaping and dancing on the wall of a little bedroom in the infirmary and dreamed of being dead, of mass being said for him by the rector in a black and gold cope, of being buried then in the little graveyard of the community off the main avenue of limes. But he had not died then. Parnell had died. There had been no mass

for the dead in the chapel, and no procession. He had not died, but he had faded out like a film in the sun. He had been lost or had wandered out of existence, for he no longer existed. How strange to think of him passing out of existence in such a way, not by death, but by fading out in the sun or by being lost and forgotten, somewhere in the universe. It was strange to see his small body appear again for a moment: a little boy in a grey belted suit. His hands were in his side pockets, and his trousers were tucked in at the knees by elastic bands.

On the evening of the day on which the property was sold, Stephen followed his father meekly about the city from bar to bar. To the sellers in the market, to the barmen and barmaids, to the beggars who importuned him for a lob, Mr. Dedalus told the same tale, that he was an old Corkonian, that he had been trying for thirty years to get rid of his Cork accent up in Dublin, and that Peter Pickackafax beside him was his eldest son, but that he was only a Dublin jackeen.

They had set out early in the morning from Newcombe's coffee-house, where Mr. Dedalus' cup had rattled noisily against its saucer, and Stephen had tried to cover that shameful sign of his father's drunken-bout of the night before by moving his chair and coughing. One humiliation had succeeded another—the false smiles of the market sellers, the curvetings and oglings of the barmaids with whom his father flirted, the compliments and encouraging words of his father's friends. They had told him that he had a great look of his grandfather, and Mr. Dedalus had agreed that he was an ugly likeness. They had unearthed traces of a Cork accent in his speech, and made him admit that the Lee was a much finer river than the Liffey. One of them, in order to put his Latin to the proof, had made him translate short passages from *Dilectus*, and asked him whether it was correct to say: *Tempora mutantur nos et mutamur in illis*, or *Tempora mutantur et nos mutamur in illis*. Another, a brisk old man, whom Mr. Dedalus called Johnny Cashman, had covered him with confusion by asking him to say which were prettier, the Dublin girls or the Cork girls.

"He's not that way built," said Mr. Dedalus. "Leave him alone. He's a level-headed thinking boy who doesn't bother his head about that kind of nonsense."

"Then he's not his father's son," said the little old man.

"I don't know, I'm sure," said Mr. Dedalus, smiling complacently.

"Your father," said the little old man to Stephen, "was the boldest flirt in the city of Cork in his day. Do you know that?"

Stephen looked down and studied the tiled floor of the bar into which they had drifted.

"Now don't be putting ideas into his head," said Mr. Dedalus. "Leave him to his Maker."

"Yerra, sure I wouldn't put any ideas into his head. I'm old enough to be his grandfather. And I am a grandfather," said the little old man to Stephen. "Do you know that?"

"Are you?" asked Stephen.

"Bedad I am," said the little old man. "I have two bouncing grandchildren out at Sunday's Well. Now, then! What age do you think I am? And I remember seeing your grandfather in his red coat riding out to hounds. That was before you were born."

"Ay, or thought of," said Mr. Dedalus.

"Bedad I did," repeated the little old man. "And, more than that, I can remember even your great-grandfather, old John Stephen Dedalus, and a fierce old fire-eater he was. Now, then! There's a memory for you!"

"That's three generations—four generations," said another of the company. "Why, Johnny Cashman, you must be nearing the century."

"Well, I'll tell you the truth," said the little old man. "I'm just twenty-seven years of age."

"We're as old as we feel, Johnny," said Mr. Dedalus. "And just finish what you have there, and we'll have another. Here, Tiui, or Tom, or whatever your name is, give us the same again here. By God, I don't feel

more than eighteen myself. There's that son of mine there not half my age, and I'm a better man than he is, any day of the week."

"Draw it mild now, Dedalus. I think it's time for you to take a back seat," said the gentleman who had spoken before.

"No, by God!" asserted Mr. Dedalus. "I'll sing a tenor song against him, or I'll vault a five-barred gate against him, or I'll run with him after the hounds across the country as I did thirty years ago along with the Kerry Boy and the best man for it."

"But he'll beat you here," said the little old man, tapping his forehead and raising his glass to drain it.

"Well, I hope he'll be as good a man as his father, that's all I can say," said Mr. Dedalus.

"If he is, he'll do," said the little old man.

"And thanks be to God, Johnny," said Mr. Dedalus, "that we lived so long and did so little harm."

"But did so much good, Simon," said the little old man gravely. "Thanks be to God we lived so long and did so much good."

Stephen watched the three glasses being raised from the counter as his father and his two cronies drank to the memory of their past. An abyss of fortune or of temperament sundered him from them. His mind seemed older than theirs: it shone coldly on their strifes and happiness and regrets like a moon upon a younger earth. No life or youth stirred in him as it had stirred in them. He had known neither the pleasure of companionship with others nor the vigour of rude male health nor filial piety. Nothing stirred within his soul but a cold and cruel and loveless lust. His childhood was dead or lost, and with it his soul capable of simple joys, and he was drifting amid life like the barren shell of the moon.

"Art thou pale for weariness of climbing heaven and gazing on the earth,

Wandering companionless? . . ."

He repeated to himself the lines of Shelley's fragment. Its alternation of sad human ineffectualness with vast inhuman cycles of activity chilled him, and he forgot his own human and ineffectual grieving.

(To be continued.)

PASSING PARIS.

BAUDELAIRE'S criticism of Goya: "The habitual angle of his vision is more particularly fantastic or, rather, his view of things naturally transcribes them fantastically," applies equally to that modern master, from whom most contemporary art that is good for anything directly derives, Henri de Toulouse-Lautrec, a complete collection of whose works will be exhibited at the Galerie Manzi until the 11th of this month.

The analogy between Beardsley and Lautrec, so strangely manifest, is suggested by Mr. Arthur Symonds in his "Death of Peter Waydelin," this imaginary "Peter Waydelin" being a composite of the two in their personalities as in their theories. But, whereas Beardsley was influenced by all and sundry, going so far as to plunder—and this is not a reproach for there are no monopolies, the test is not in the deed but in the use that is made of it—Toulouse-Lautrec evolved from a basis entirely and exclusively his own. He never borrowed. And he very soon lost the slight trace of relationship with the impressionists, notably Berthe Morisot, shown in some of his earlier works (for instance, the ballet-girl against the green ground on a long panel-shaped canvas). His personality, new in all its elements, as was revealed to the full in his maturity, had indeed already made itself distinctly felt in the school-days of his Beaux-Arts days.

There can be no question about it: Lautrec is the greatest force in painting of the latter part of the 19th century, and however much we look about us we cannot find his equivalent in genius in contemporary art. While breaking away from them with an independence not surpassed by any artist in any time, he has all the ability of the most prestidigitous of the masters.

His art is both constructive and revolutionary. Lautrec brought new expression, new colours, new interpretation, new draughtsmanship. He could draw anything, and of the many daring artists of French blood—and daring has always been their leading characteristic—he is the most daring, he shows the most assurance—the assurance of the exceptionally gifted. "He rips off his drawing," says a friend of mine, who calls him "Chinese," alluding to something demoniacal in his work, to the incisiveness of his expression, perhaps also to the ingenuity of his composition, the amazing dexterity and oddness of his grimacing line. He drew in one sweep, he it a foreshortened horse at full gallop (a circus-scene is the masterpiece of the exhibition) or a human head, as though the hand had not been taken off the paper. The pencil cuts like a knife and a sketch of Lautrec's is complete at the outset, proving that there is nothing "unfinished" from a genius.

The resemblance with Beardsley makes itself particularly felt through two common features—a sense of caricature and the grotesque, as also of the arabesque often presented by natural line; caricature sometimes beginning where arabesque ends, or *vice-versa*. Lautrec emphasised the arabesque in a profile or in the chance arrangement of an interior, or a landscape. But the difference between Beardsley and Lautrec—contemporaries both typical of their age—lies just here: Beardsley invented his ornamental lines, Toulouse-Lautrec discovered them, and while both show where artifice joins nature, the one inclines more this way and the other that. In Beardsley's artifice enters (as must) an element of reality; in Lautrec's reality enters an element of artifice. Lautrec's composition is every bit as reasoned—designed, if you will, but the result is always rational. Beardsley was an idealist at the extremity where it touches realism, Lautrec was a realist at the extremity where it touches idealism.

* * *

It was quick-witted of Mr. Philip Carr, founder of "Le Petit Théâtre Anglais" in Paris, and "The Little French Theatre" in London, to produce "Twelfth Night" in the original just after Paris had been charmed with the exquisite performance, at the Théâtre du Vieux-Colombier, of an admirable translation by M. Théodore Lascaris, the best written so far, as I learn on good authority. Mr. Carr's imported company could face comparison with M. Copeau's, and if Mr. Carr keeps his performances up to the mark attained in "Twelfth Night," showing the French that there is some spirited acting in England too, he is to be congratulated on his plucky venture. It will prove a pleasure to English and Americans living in Paris and of advantage to French students of the English language.

* * *

The last issue of *Les Cahiers d'aujourd'hui* contains a reproduction after a drawing—a landscape—by Van Gogh; some naïve prose, by Verhaeren; a short story, which is not one, by Marguerite Audoux; a piece of sordid realism by Octave Mirbeau, which is so clever that it convinces one of the expediency for the suppression of talent such as his; and some sensible remarks on that element of dull solemnity which has wormed its way into modern French literature (and art, too). The gift for boring the public has become a commodity, a means to success—it supplants pornography, erotic badinage, religion, the defence of bourgeois virtues, etc. Many authors would be totally unknown were they not so dull. Dullness is often mistaken for greatness and always commands consideration as "respectable"—respectability being fashionable. This new form of pedantry may also express itself in a species of literary "cubism."

Seeing its remarks on this topic one asks oneself what justification the *Cahiers d'aujourd'hui* can put forward for the unutterably stupid sketches which, for no object that can be imagined, are distributed at hazard in its margins. I discern the motive which, in a half-formulated, insinuating way, finds expression in this manner, for it has its origin in the worship of the natural, simple, humble, naïve. But when these qualities are nursed they become artificial, and to care-

fully tend nature and then pass it off for spontaneity is, precisely, not honest. This cultivated dullness is infinitely duller than cubism (literary or graphic) however deliberately systematic. For the system of no system is the most deceptive and objectionable of all systems. It is the pharisaism of the poor; the hypocrisy of the meek; the pride of humility; the resource of the limited; democracy in art, in a word—a "Christian" form of art, as a rule practised and defended by Jews and atheists.

Professor Bergson: "I am, being a philosopher, particularly happy at my admission to the Académie. . . . I have been obliged to resort to art to express or, rather, to suggest, certain shades of inner life; and art is the Académie's special sphere." If, asks *Les Cahiers d'Aujourd'hui*, Mr. Bergson really thinks art is the Académie's sphere what can be our opinion of the "art" he has called in to support his philosophy?

* * *

M. Le Cardonnell, in *Le Temps Présent*, on plays with moral lessons, and notably on "L'Eau de Vie," a realistic work in *vers libres* (singular alliance!) by Henri Ghéon, and recently produced at the Théâtre du Vieux Colombier: "After hearing M. Ghéon's play one is convinced that the abuse of alcohol gives rise to deplorable consequences. We had always thought so. But, supposing M. Ghéon had depicted drunkards who were either jolly or gifted with genius, and such as we have all met, we would have had a play where the effects of inebriety would have appeared under a pleasanter angle. That is why I believe nothing can be as eloquent, when the horrors of alcoholic excess are to be revealed, as good statistics drawn up by doctors with good catalogues of precise observation."

M. Henri Ghéon, on the art of the drama: "I believe in a lyrical, general, and human expression transcending little psychological cases, sexual conflicts or conflicts in upper-class society and such as are constantly presented to us."

M. Le Cardonnell's reply: "This conviction has no doubt induced M. Ghéon to write, 'L'Eau de Vie.' Alcoholic excess can never be too violently combated. On that point I am quite at one with M. Ghéon. But I am sure the campaign against drunkenness has nothing to do with literature and, if I am not sure whether there are many better subjects than 'little psychological cases' or 'conflicts in upper class society,' I am sure these could be more eloquently dealt with by most of our dramatic authors if they were to investigate them in a more profoundly human spirit."

Lamartine: "The drama reflects the popular history of nations, and the stage is the tribune of the heart."

M. Maeterlinck, on hearing that his works had been put on the Vatican's Index (and as reported by *L'Humanité*): "Publisher will be delighted . . . otherwise only a prehistoric phenomenon of no importance."

The painter Delacroix on the painter Ingres: "The pre-eminent vice, absence of heart, soul, reason, in fact of everything that moves *mortalia corda*, is a capital fault which only satisfies vain curiosity, producing Chinese works, but without their naiveté."

The painter Ingres to a priest, after seeing certain paintings by Delacroix at the Church of Saint Sulpice: "I hope Hell exists. It does—doesn't it? You are sure it does? Swear it does!" Meanwhile shaking him violently by the collar in his anger with his brother of the brush.

SAINT FIACRE.

LIBERATIONS:

STUDIES OF INDIVIDUALITY IN CONTEMPORARY MUSIC.

V.—ERIK SATIE AND THE IRONIC SPIRIT.

THE function of art is to express and not to negate the vital impulses of actual life, because all truly distinctive art creation is the outcome of individuality, and individual thought is necessarily the record of personal experience, and the enunciation of

the intellectual conceptions which have evolved therefrom. It is in fact this supreme consciousness of vitality, of life expressed in personal desires, which identifies the individualist and fundamentally separates him from the mass, which is invariably phlegmatic and conscious only of the purely mechanical functions of existence. Hence it naturally follows that the individualist in art, through whom alone it is possible for art to develop, invariably comes in conflict with the accepted standards by which the mass seeks to protect and justify its inherent lethargy. Conventions, morals and creeds are the barriers erected by mediocrity to shut out the recognition of developments which it lacks the individual initiative to cope with, and which are therefore disturbing to its complacency and threatening to the artificial paradise, without which the certitude and contentment, that are at once its stigmas and necessities, would be impossible. To preserve successfully its hallucinations it has been necessary to erect arbitrary standards of values, which totally negate the possibilities of evolution and therefore in the course of time cease to have any basis in fact and are completely dependent upon sentiment. The standards of one epoch, at best, have continually less application to those which follow in consequence of the course of evolution. Insistence on their perpetuation therefore amounts to a negation of the vital forces underlying development. Thus it comes about that art, essentially the intellectual expression of vitality, has become divorced from its true ends by the reverence which in the past has been paid to tradition.

Form, originally the medium for ideas, has, through the dominion of sentiment, become regarded as an end in itself, a thing to be cultivated at the expense of the spirit from which it originated. In short, art has become subject to a technical and spiritual morat-code. From being human, positive and virile, it has become idealistic, negative and consequently weak. Weakness is the first step towards disease, and disease unchecked results in annihilation. The realisation of this has brought about the revolt against fixed standards which is apparent in all branches of contemporary art, irrespective of race or locality.

In music this rebellion has mainly expressed itself in a revolt against the older technical limitations, and in spirit, presents a passive opposition against the negative and sentimental spirit underlying formal theories, which has been facilitated by the infiltration of intellectual motives.

It has remained for one French composer, Erik Satie, born 1866, to centre his attention upon a definite attack on the mental attitudes which result in the formulation of such theories.

Although his music is technically allied to the methods of the French Impressionist school of composers it might more truly be designated "musical imagisme," since all ornamentation is eliminated to facilitate the direct and concise treatment of subject. The intellectual motive is consistently that of delicate caustic irony which can only be equated by the work of Anatole France in literature. Although whimsical and grotesque in expression, the mental outlook of Satie has nothing fantastic or distorted about it, being distinguished by an absolutely just sense of proportion. Purely intellectual, he approaches all things alike without trace of emotion, scrutinises and analyses with a lack of feeling which is almost cynical, and transmits the results of his investigations in grotesquely humorous music which for all its latent irony is never exactly exaggerated, being simply the exact imagery of the absurdities which he has reduced to their fundamental essentials. It is his absolute lack of bias which renders his work so peculiarly valuable at a time when intellectualism in music is struggling against the exotic emotion and sentimentality which has dominated the art-conceptions of the past.

The appearance of such a writer has naturally not come about without intimation of his possible advent in the works of composers preceding him. But these indications have been singularly rare, and have mainly been confined, with very few exceptions, to something in the nature of a burlesque.

Schumann, in works like the "Davidsbündler," "Kreisreisleriana," and certain numbers of the "Carnival," treated jestingly of the personal eccentricities of his friends and of the exaggerations and stupidities of certain musical factions; Wagner in the "Meistersingers" pilloried academic and pedantic traditions; Elgar in the "Enigma Variations" for orchestra has jestingly, in his own words, "sketched the idiosyncrasies of fourteen of his friends"; while Charles Martin Loeffler, in works like "The Devil's Villanelle," a fantasy for orchestra, has rendered the polished cruelty and ironic cynicism which are evoked by revulsion against the unbearable placidity and sentimentalism of the accepted unimaginative codes of beauty and morality, in music which is mentally identical with the poems of Baudelaire, Rollinat, and Iwar Gilkin.

Then also we have occasional moments of satire such as the treatment of the quatrain—

"Why all the saints and sages who discussed
Of the two worlds so learnedly, are thrust
Like foolish prophets forth, their words to scorn
Are scattered, and their mouths are filled with dust,"

in Granville Bantock's "Omar Khayyam," which is set to a polyphonic accompaniment deliberately borrowed from Bach.

But it will be apparent that most of these examples have a bias which mitigates their general application and in many cases are isolated expressions of revolt; while the greater part are more truly humorous and ironic. Certain songs and pianoforte pieces by Moussorgsky, such as "The Seminarist," "The Classicist," "The Swaggerer," and "The Peepshow," and the sardonic jesting which underlies works such as "The Ironie Symphony" and the symphonic-satirical tone-picture "The Conqueror" by Emil Reznicek, afford better material for comparison. The realism which dominated Moussorgsky and which is strongly apparent in the later work of Reznicek does not exercise so powerful an influence in the compositions of Erik Satie. The whole of his satire seems to be directed against intellectual weakness and the mental postures of formalism. Nothing escapes his penetration. Passatist classicism and romanticism, religious affectation and hypocrisy, bourgeois smugness and complacent lethargy, pedantry, sentimentalism and superficiality of all kinds, are the subjects of his pitiless examination and mockery. Yet, withal, there is no trace of the dissecting knife in his work. So delicately and gracefully does he handle his subjects that were they material beings instead of mental attitudes, one could well imagine them being deluded by his polished urbanity. Above all things there is nothing laboured or diffuse in his writings. Lyrical miniatures, mainly written for pianoforte, they resemble more the epigrammatic writings of Clément Marot or Whistler than the lengthy discourses of Rabelais and Swift. Yet, withal, they are no mere empty witticisms, being essentially the expression of a mind with an accurate sense of values.

Both ultra-modern cultists and sentimental romanticists suffer equally at his hands. For him all creeds, cults and superstitions are weaknesses which by their acceptance of limitations render themselves fitting themes for his mockery. It is therefore not surprising that Wagnerism, with its artificial paraphernalia of "leit-motif" and clumsy philosophy, stilted legend and ostentatious melodrama, has suffered under his cynical scrutiny. Debussy, describing the performance of "The Ring of the Nibelungs" in an article in "La Revue Blanche," delivered himself of the opinion that "these people in wild beast skins" become insufferable long before the cycle has reached its conclusion, and also stated that the incessant recurrence of "motives" reminded him of lunatics persistently presenting their visiting cards and at the same time insanely declaiming the words inscribed thereon. Satie has gone further and has carried ridicule into the province of music itself. His mock-dramatic music poem "Le Fils des Étoiles" [Wagnérie Kaldéenne du Sar Péladan] is a satire which brings out in strong relief the inflated melodrama and

tedious philosophic programme which is so obvious in most of Wagner's music.

It is impossible in the space of an ordinary article to do more than indicate briefly the plan underlying the works of so significant a composer.

The "Trois Gymnophéries" [published originally as pianoforte pieces and later orchestrated by Claude Debussy] are grotesque studies of the affectation of conventional rhythms and dance movements, while the pseudo-sentimental waltz "Je te veux" [which is published in three forms (a) for small orchestra, (b) for piano solo, (c) for voice and piano] is at once a parody and a satire whimsically reflecting the cowardly sensuality and unhealthily insipidity of both the average ball-room dance and the popular ballad, while at the same time mockingly imitating and exposing their superficial musical structure. The "Valse Chantée Tendrement" and the "Pièces Froides" [(1) *Airs à Faire Feier*, (2) *Danses de Travers*] are characterised by a similar spirit.

"Le Piccadilly," a march for small orchestra, is a satire on the flaccid lasciviousness of the "man about town," and the cheap decadence which he affects to cover his true brutality, while "Poudre d'Or" for pianoforte is an ironic study of perversion, of the spirit which can discern no beauty save in artificiality.

The "Three Sarabandes" are satires on the weakness which shuns the stress and problematic uncertainty of the present, the disillusioned romanticism which turns from contemporary problems to the superficial and thoughtless elegance of the eighteenth century court of Versailles.

The three pieces for pianoforte duet, collectively entitled "Aperçus Pesagréables" [(1) *Pastorale*, (2) *Choral*, (3) *Fugue*] are ironic quips at the meaningless formalism of classical music, and the two pieces "En Habit de Cheval" [(1) *Choral Fugue Litanique*, (2) *Autre Choral Fugue de Papier*] partake of the same characteristics, the first being a jape at the affected humility of Christian ritual, while the second is a satire on the meaningless writings of certain polyphonic composers.

The "Trois Morceau en Forme de Poire, avec une manière de commencement, une prolongation du même et un en plus, suivi d'un redite" [after the manner of a commencement, a prolongation of the same and a little more, followed by a repetition] are musical jests at the expense of the pedantic "sonata-form" composers, while the cycle for pianoforte solo, entitled "Descriptions Automatiques" [(1) *Sur un Bateau*, (2) *Sur une Lanterne*, (3) *Sur un Casque*] are satires on the sentimental worship of externals and musical realism.

The song entitled "La Diva de l'Empire" is a travesty on the affectations of the operatic vocalist of the last century.

Among his most subtle works may be mentioned the "Prélude de la Porte Héroïque du Ciel," *Drame érotique* de Jules Bois, the cycles entitled "Véritables Préludes Flasques" (Pour un Chien), "Chapitres tournés en tous sens," and "Vieux Sequins et vieilles Cuirasses" and the orchestral poem-satire "Les Pantins Dansent."

The "Prélude de la Porte Héroïque du Ciel" is an ironic study of the religious sentimentality which periodically appears to distort art. Written without time or key signatures [a peculiarity of the greater part of Satie's music] it commences with the direction "Calme et profondément doux." After a sequence of luxuriant chords which suggest a church mode intoned by the inmates of a seraglio, the direction "Superstitieusement" appears. This is succeeded by a phrase of heavy disconnected chords over which appears the indication "Avec déférence." This in turn gives place to the repetition of the preceding cadence, this time marked "Très sincèrement silencieux," and then, after a further sequence of chords, appears a passage inscribed "En une timide piété." A slightly more emotional passage follows, which is headed "Eviter toute exaltation sacrilège." Then appears the direction "Sans orgueil," followed by the passage which leads

directly to a strongly marked cadence which is emphasised by the pause which immediately succeeds it. Then with a kind of blind insistence two passages from the earlier part of the work are reiterated, augmented by pompous chords in the bass. To these immediately succeeds a peculiarly inconclusive unison passage, with which the work ends. The atmospheric treatment of harmonic material produces a series of caustically humorous images which are ludicrous in effect by their faithful reflection of the incongruous blend of austerity and sensuous luxury which is apparent in most religious rituals, and also in the works of the "idealistic" writers. The whole spirit of this composition reminds one forcibly of certain ironic passages in "Thais" by Anatole France.

In the cycle "Chapitres tournés en tous sens" the musical structure is based on the slightest possible material, thus reducing the medium of expression to its bare essentials. By this method the logical conclusion of Moussgorsky's music-dramas "Boris Godounov" and "Khovanchina" and the absence of musical tautology which characterises the "Five Characteristic Pieces for Orchestra," Op. 16, and the "Six Little Piano Pieces," Op. 19, by Arnold Schönberg, Erik Satie repudiates the musical ostentation of the past and at the same time attains a caustic brevity which gives an added piquancy to his satire. The first number, "Celle qui parle trop," ridicules the superficiality of empty femininity and the mean-mindedness which delights in a wearisome elaboration of meaningless and obvious superficialities—in short, the spirit of gossip. Its text may be briefly summarised as follows:—A vapid female chatters to her husband. Her conversation is indicated by a ludicrously garrulous theme strongly reminiscent of certain classical compositions, above which a reiterated figure marks the impatience of the unfortunate husband. Regardless of this the wife demands his attention, "Ewate-moi!" and then proceeds to detail current gossip and express her personal discontent—"J'ai envie d'un chapeau en acajou massif." "Madame Chose a un parapluie en os."—Mademoiselle machin épouse un homme qui est sec comme un concombre." The discomfort of the husband expresses itself in an exasperatingly lugubrious theme, to which the wife responds by a further demand for attention, "Ecoute-moi donc!" and continues her chatter, "La concierge a mal dans les côtes." She pauses for want of breath, and before she can recommence her husband dies of exhaustion.

The second piece, "Le porteur de grosses pierres," has the following note attached to the title, "Il les porte sur le dos son air est narquois et rempli de certitude. Sa force étonne les petits enfants. Nous le voyons alors qu'il transporte une pierre énorme, cent fois plus grosse que lui (c'est une pierre ponce)," and is a satire on sensationalism and the common worship of brute strength. The feats of the "strong man" are depicted in ridiculously laboured music which finishes with a fortissimo chord of blasphemous exclamation as the stone slips from him and falls to the ground exposing his deception.

The third piece is a satire of unhealthy seclusion and the dense lethargy of the middle class.

The three numbers of the "Véribles Préludes Flasques" [pour un chien] (1) Sévère Réprimande, (2) Seul à la Maison, (3) On joue, are studies of dog-life treated symbolically after the manner employed by Mactertincke in "The Blue Bird," but with keener satirical insight.

The "Vieux Sequins et vieilles Cuirasses" are satires on the prevalent sentimentality towards the past. The first, "Chez le Marchand d'Or" [Venise XIII. siècle] is a whimsical travesty of the commercial spirit existing in mediæval Venice. The second number, "Danse Cuirassée" (periode Grecque), is a jest at the expense of the stereotyped formalism into which Greek plastic art degenerated, and is made additionally absurd by being based on a very bald bugle call. It concludes with bass octaves as "the dancers each receive a stroke of a sabre which splits their heads."

The plan of the third piece, "La Défaite des Cimbres," is indicated by the following note, "Un tout petit enfant dort dans son tout petit lit. Son très vieux grand-père lui fait journellement une sorte d'étrange tout petit ours d'Histoire générale, puisée dans ses vagues souvenirs. Souvent il lui parle du célèbre roi Dagobert de Monsieur le Duc de Marlborough et du grand général romain Marius. En rêve, le tout petit enfant voit ces héros combattant les Cimbres, à la journée de Mons-en-Puelle (1309)." The exaggeratedly naïve themes are treated with a freakish impressionism which reflects admirably the spirit of the text and which reaches a climax with the final grotesque hymnal phrase "Le Sacre de Charles X," to which is attached the ironic direction "(267 bis)"—to be repeated 267 times.

"Les Pantins dansent" (Fragment pour orchestre d'après le poème de Valentine de Saint Point) is a highly refined satire on the lack of individuality and ideas exhibited in the average ballet. It is especially interesting because it directly connects Satie with the Metachory or Dance of Ideas created by Valentine de Saint Point, wherein the primary importance is given, not to fixed steps and movements but to the intellectual meaning conveyed by the synthetic outline of the dance rhythms. It is also interesting as an expression of the modern struggle for mental freedom in music, and is allied in spirit to the rhythmic innovations of Balilla Pratella, Floreat Schmitt, Igov Stravinsky, and other composers of the Cérébriste and Futurist groups.

It is impossible to over-estimate the influence for artistic sanity which the works of Erik Satie are bound to exercise over musical thought. The superficial standards of average criticism have caused him for a period to be regarded as a mere buffoon, but with the growth of intellectual appreciation in music, the true significance of his work has become apparent, and beyond all doubt the future will recognise in him a powerful factor in musical development, the expressor of a sense of proportion which strips from art and life all sentimental affectations and brings them into direct touch with health and sanity.

LEIGH HENRY.

SUFFRAGETTES.

THERE is perhaps nothing more enjoyable, nothing so sustaining to the inner sense of one's own nobility than to suffer martyrdom or exile for the sake of a cause or of an idea which one believes noble. Miss Christabel Pankhurst has about as much intellect as a guinea-pig but she has a sense of values, of subjective emotional values, which is sound beyond question. And Sylvia, her sister, is also getting a lot out of life. It is glorious and stimulating to ride on a stretcher at the head of a loyal mob. I do not pity these young ladies. I regard them with envy, at least they "will have lived," they will always have that to look back upon if they survive it.

As to "the cause," it is just—and in a sense absurd. I mean there is only one valid argument against the suffrage. The clique which runs this country must, oh, at all costs, *must* keep up the fiction that the vote is of some use.

They fear presumably that if the masses should ever find out or begin to believe in the incompetence of the vote, they would then begin to act. We suppose that they would be shot? Let us cease to talk about "ifs." It suits the convenience of our rulers that we should believe in voting, in suffrage as a universal panacea for our own stupidities. As a syndicalist, somewhat atrabilious, I disbelieve vigorously in any recognition of political institutions, of the Fabian Society, John Galsworthy, and so on.

The duty of literate men and of all women is to keep alight some spark of civilisation at the summit of things. It is the duty of everyone who is intelligent enough to read this paper to spend his or her energies setting some

model of life to the rabble and to ages to come. It is not our duty to fuss about Sunday closing or minimum wage or any other attempt to make hell less hell-like for the lower classes.

Economics are not the muddle that they are made out to be. Were it not for the hideous immoralities preached by the established churches we should go at this matter somewhat straighter. States are not run by paternosters. Economics are pragmatical. And simple. If a family of two have two hundred or even one hundred pounds a year of more or less regular income, they can live as befits rational literate animals. If they have children, or if they have too many, they sink.

The rich are those who do not have too many children. The poor are those who do have too many children. It takes a generation or so to establish the classes.

A sensible man or woman attempts to earn food, and not to have more wives, husbands, and children than he or she can support.

He or she will not waste his or her energy in mucking with politics or economics but in keeping alight the flame of science and knowledge and the arts, and in setting a fine example of living.

It is only the discoveries of science and of genius that remain. You can preach till you are blue about the iniquitous folly of being taxed to support a few war-trusts, a few factories that provide war gear and war scares. You have half a billion sterling set up against you. Submarines, and Ulivi if he perfects his machine, do the job before or without you. The needs pass. Politics are fit for a certain type of arrested man. A mediæval king was a sort of high sheriff. No one now cares a hang about mediæval kings and no one wants to be chief of police.

Only a few people, and those not of the nicest, have any hankering after the job of Prime Minister. Some one ought to be employed to look after our traffic and sewage, one grants that. But a superintendence of traffic and sewage is not the sole function of man. Certain stupid and honest people should, doubtless, be delegated for the purpose. There politics ends for the enlightened man.

The enlightened man should foregather with other enlightened men and plot for the preservation of enlightenment. That is to say, he should form his syndicat. The joiners, etc., who have interests in common should form their syndicates.

These syndicates should work on things as they are, on inevitable and implacable hostilities, on various forms of sloth and avarice. One puts up with the infamy of an over-stocked government service, and a lot of lazy over-paid parsons, etc., etc., because life is too short to waste it reforming or trying to reform this inferno.

As for feminine suffrage in its relations to present conditions.

We have to do not with justice, not with truth—no barrister, no judge, no politician deals with, or searches for these things. We have to do with something like the laws of bridge-whist, which do not pretend to be a research after justice and the primal verities.

We have a set of more or less competent, more or less avaricious, more or less well-meaning persons who "must," or at least will, under all circumstances, think about their own preservation, and advantage. They are in charge of a mechanism called the "state." They run it by chicane and catch-words. The catch-words are a very powerful part of chicane. The catch-words are limitedly capable of both good and evil. They may even run away with their inventors. I mean a man who gets on by bawling "justice" may in rare cases get himself caught in a nasty corner where he has to play according to whatever catch-word he has used or invented. He may even respect the words, and they may be a part of his "better nature."

Now there is no known definition of "justice" as that term is used in representative governments, limited monarchies, constitutional monarchies, etc., which can be used against the present demand for the enfranchisement of women. Their demand is irrevocably just.

Any minister, any man impassioned for "justice" must grant that the demand for suffrage is just.

On the other hand it is foolish. It is foolish because it is a demand for a shadow, a useless thing, but it is a thing to which the women have every "right."

The suffragettes as a body are foolish, not only because they demand a shadow, but because of their tactics. They seem to have very little intellect back of their campaign, and yet the proposition before them is so difficult that they have need of a very great deal of intellect if they are to win out.

I don't mean that they are all utter imbeciles. Their position is very difficult. It is quite possible that if all the "male" "intellect" in the country went over to their side they would not even then hold the cards for a win.

As for their actions of late: It is not to say "we deplore violence"; we all like the violence so long as they don't smash our own windows. We all like to see big headlines. We like the papers to have racy bits of news in 'em. We like to read of bombs and explosions. The undergraduate in all of us survives up to that extent—unless we have property or interests in danger.

To be logical, however, the suffragettes should destroy only national property. They are, strictly speaking, outlaws. They are, however, outlaws enjoying as much protection from the state by which they are outlawed as do the active members of that state, i.e., the voters. It may not be the height of prudence to forfeit that even incomplete protection from violence and some other sorts of annoyance. They are outlaws under a truce, under a truce which they have every "right" to forfeit if they choose.

Their right to attack in that case is the right to attack national property, national pictures, etc., not pictures belonging to Mr. Sargent. Their smashing of national treasures is more commendable, for instance, than would be a smashing of Mr. Asquith, who is not a national treasure, but only the treasure of a faction. So that in so far as they have refrained from assassinations, etc., they have been wise. They have been more just than their opponents.

Their attack on a hospital doctor would seem also logical. No man is by virtue of his contract as prison surgeon bound to take part in tortures worthy of a mediæval dungeon. The surgeon would seem to be exceeding the functions demanded of him by his state or syndicat. It is natural that a hostile syndicat should single him out for a particular vendetta. I doubt if that wretched male had anyone's sympathy.

The practical question is not one of "justice"; it is simply, will the country give the vote to women out of sheer boredom?

Will exaggerated enmity and exasperation drive "the ruling syndicat" to a just act. These maligned women (who are for the most part misrepresented by the Press), are they foolish beyond measure? A revolution is a successful rebellion. If the ruling syndicat recognises the outlawry and withdraws its tacit habitual protection of the outlaws, have they any chance of success sufficient to warrant their war?

I mean simply that a general who takes certain risks in war is courtmartialled if he fails.

Personally I want them to vote. They have played a sporting game. If men like Balfour or Burrell have a "right" to play a certain silly form of tip-cat called voting, then women who are willing to die for an idea (however stupid) have an equal right to spend a few minutes a year in a stuffy polling booth.

"Ultimately" . . . one says, "they must win." Ideas, however stupid, that people are willing to suffer for, always "win." I mean they get a run for their money, they rule, sooner or later, for an indefinite period. Those who oppose the suffrage lay up for themselves a period of future infamy. That much they can promise themselves. A certain number of people will spit upon their tombs.

I write from outside the struggle. It is all one to me whether these women want to vote about district inspection of milk-cans, or whether they want the right to walk on shepherds' stilts.

The forces against them are sufficiently discussed elsewhere. They have for them, boredom, the weariness of "the unjust judge." They have the mob's tacit approval of violence, of anything that causes excitement, they have their own conviction, their own love of adventure, their hatred of traditional forms of feminine ennui, they have the force of male sentimentality or chivalry working in their favour. They have the "justice" of their cause, for whatever that bagatelle may be worth. The intellectuals' hatred of politicians and of politics is in their favour, this is only the passive favour of spectators who will do nothing for them save talk now and then.

They have the passionate fury that official caddishness or the spectacle of Sir Ahnroth Wright stirs up in the intelligent mind.

The *Male* mind does not want to be bothered with Asquith or Wright or their kind. Politics is unfit for men, it may be good enough for women, we doubt it. The male mind does not want a state run by women, or by "old women." Torture disgusts the male mind. The male parent disturbed by a row is apt to chastise all the disturbers quite impartially.

In the middle ages the "affairs" were, we suppose, in the hands of Jews and lawyers. The male muddled. He fought and occasionally won castles and lost them by chicanery. If the control of the state were in "male" control, women would have the vote for the asking . . . and it would do them no good.

This argument, like all political arguments, runs in a circle. Unlike political arguments it confesses its circularity.

[I.]

As for the anti-militants, tax-resisters, etc., nothing has at any time prevented these people from summoning a women's parliament. It would have no legal status but it could deliberate, and its decisions, if they were at all sensible, would carry weight. They could recommend laws to the House of Commons. The opening of polls for delegates, suffrage, anti-suffrage and all, would force the women who "do not want votes" to vote for delegates to the women's congress or else to see "feminine opinion" effectually recorded against them. Mrs. Humphry Ward, for whom permit me to express my contempt in passing, would have to appear in such a contest, or else keep quiet.

[II.]

One supposes the talk about deadlock is all humbug, but even if there were a deadlock nothing would prevent the present ministry from instituting a women's chamber (women elected by woman's vote) and giving it the right to initiate legislation on questions of woman's labour, and such other matters as concern women in particular. Such powers could be slowly increased if the chamber proved competent.

That would do away with the objection to giving the suffrage to a lot of untrained voters.

A division of the houses of government into a male and female is far more in accord with contemporary ideas than a division of the houses into "commons" and "lords." One would, of course, hate to abolish that picturesque relic "The Lords," though the thought of being even slightly controlled by a body containing bishops is both painful and ridiculous.

BASTIEN VON HELMHOLTZ

REVELATIONS.

"In 'Paradise Lost' the epic type, as we now understand it, has perfected and exhausted itself. The force, not of nature, but of the supernatural, can no farther go."

—*Times Literary Supplement.*

"If Homer is authentic, so is Milton, though with a slight difference."

—Yes, a slight difference.
—*Times Literary Supplement.*

"Before yellow fever was introduced the climate must have been delightful, and the Yucatecos of to-day are extremely lively and energetic."

—*Times Literary Supplement.*

"Mr. Abercrombie has judged the great epics; and as his judgment coincides generally with that of the secure world, it is the best of testimonies to its soundness."

—*Times "Literary."*

"To him, as to all Yorkshiremen, the horse was a noble animal."

—*Idem.*

"These men are robust, self-opinionated, stout lovers of their friends, haters of all shams, enthusiastic, fiery, impatient of contradiction, rebels who would dominate for the best of motives."

—1 and a *Times* Reviewer commends them?

"This is a very interesting and suggestive book written by a lady professor who holds a post under the French Government. The writer holds very advanced views; she much prefers the French girl of to-day to the French girl of yesterday, and she is strongly in favour of secularized education."

—*Times Literary Supplement.*

"This is the last volume of what had been, to innumerable readers who desire to keep in touch with Paris life, a truly delightful series."

—*Times Literary Supplement.*

"Cities all over the world have their particular characteristics."

—*Times Literary Supplement.*

"If, then, people, invested their money which they do not spend on necessities, and did not waste it on diamond necklaces and motor-cars and high living, and all the petty pomps and shows of everyday life, more of the necessities of life, such as boots, would be produced, and there would be more wages, and more profits and more new capital with which to produce still more boots."

"Of course nobody will deny that there is good deal of truth in all this."

—Economics in *Times Literary Supplement.*

"Those who think with him, etc. . . . will find him a helpful and stimulating guide."

—*Times Literary Supplement.*

"A study of passion which is not without power—in the person of a young Devonshire doctor, happily married, who comes under the spell of an alluring (half French) degenerate and enters, to the ruin of his career, on a wild intrigue of erotic abandonment—until, as the story proceeds, his moral sanity reasserts itself."

—*Idem.*

"FOOTPRINTS OF THE ANCIENT SCOTTISH CHURCHES."

—1

"JOHN LONG'S POPULAR NOVELS."

—*Times Literary Supplement* advt.

"In Milton epic poetry culminates and Mr. Abercrombie, who is nothing if not a Miltonian, explains why."

—*Times Literary Supplement.* Why?

"There are so many critics and their criticisms are so very varied, and so few observers really come with open minds and observe with the strictly impersonal impartiality which should be the mark of the scientist. Some insist that our policy is overripe for dissolution, others that it is an outrage upon the sacred name of civilisation, while a third set opine that all is for the best in the best of all possible states. The Chief of Ichalkaranji

belongs rather to the third category, and in giving ample evidence of the keenness of his observations has with the perfection of politeness allowed himself to be dumb as to the shortcomings of his hosts and has permitted the hand of courtesy to turn aside the doubtless well-merited scourge of reproof."

--Idem.

"For many years past there has existed an indefinable prejudice in the West against Armenians."

--Idem.

"25s. net.

"Strong is the power of family life."

--Idem.

"Not thus did travellers write in the old days when the Grand Tour was made in a post chaise; but times have changed."

Have they?

--Idem.

"He lets his æsthetic judgment choose its own sweet course, and as his standard of taste is high he wastes no time on the tribal lay or the ballad."

--Ditto.

"It is no new thing to discover how much may be gleaned from well-harvested fields by a skilful and patient toiler."

--Zens.

"This method and this attitude of mind have great merits, but it must be confessed that they also have rather serious defects."

--Idem.

"In Tasso and Camoens the consciousness of Europe awakens."

--Times Literary Supplement.

"The general moral of the whole volume we take to be, that important as the study of war on land is to military officers and the study of war on the sea to naval officers, and difficult as the pursuit of both these studies must be, alike from the nature of the case and from the intractability and inaccessibility of much of their material, yet far more important, and certainly not less difficult, is the synthetic study of war simultaneously conducted both on land and on the sea."

--Times Literary Supplement.

"They are very human letters; and the humanity of them flashes upon us when we inquire which of the many sights he saw excited the young traveller's keenest admiration. It was not the Parthenon, or St. Sophia, or St. Peter's, or anything in any of the museums or picture galleries—it was Lady Hamilton."

--Times Literary Supplement.
Dénouement.

"NET SALES.

(Since we followed *The English Review* and 'came down' to a penny)

The net sales for the ten issues since the change in the price of *The Times* have been as follows:—

Issue of March 19	35,539
" " " 26	42,942
" " April 2	43,830
" " " 9	43,179
				etc."

--Times Literary Supplement.

"What the lyric really is, he discusses in his opening chapter, but decides, so far as we can gather, that the lyric is really indefinable—something, as Mr. E. B. Reed puts it, 'above any formula that may be devised.'"

--Times Literary Supplement.

"On Tuesday next Messrs. Macmillan will issue a volume entitled 'The Mind of the Disciples,' by the

Rev. Neville S. Talbot, Fellow, Tutor, and Chaplain of Balliol College, Oxford, written for those members of the Church who, while the search for historical truth in regard to Christianity becomes more and more complex and specialised, may feel in doubt respecting what they should believe and teach."

--Times again Literary Supplement.

"This study of the Egyptian Queen will command the attention due to the work of a writer who, as Inspector-General of Antiquities for the Government of Egypt, has had for many years a close association with Alexandria, Cleopatra's capital, and a daily familiarity with Greek and Egyptian antiquities; and the more so, perhaps, as far as the general public is concerned, because he has definitely avoided encumbering his pages with historical references and apparatus. His object, in estimating Cleopatra, is to realise more fully than is usually done her own point of view, her difficulties, and the moral standard of her time; and so to award her a fairer judgment."

--Ditto.

"It is all to the good, therefore, that they should be out of the common ruck; they have a consistency of their own, and their creator must not be judged by other people's standards. That is to say, Miss Kaye-Smith has reached an enviable stage among novelists."

--Ditto.

"Lucille is a heroine worthy of love."

--Literary Criticism in *The Times*.

"He sees that this question of Church *versus* Dissent is one of the great problems of the day."

--Times Literary Supplement.

"Virile in method, the scope of the action also is far-flung. Whether in the English scenes or amidst the arid setting of the East—whether Mars or Venus be in the ascendant—Mr. Wren makes his plunges boldly."

--Times Literary Supplement.
(Chaste and restrained.)

THE NEW DRIVING FORCE.

IT is the greatest mistake to suppose, as some writers do, that Futurists—the real Futurists—are Futurists for a lark or advertisement. There are, of course, persons who are imitation Futurists either because they are deficient in a sense of humour or because they hope to be mistaken for pioneers of intensive Futurist farming. They are simple and harmless creatures who have Futurism thrust upon them or take it as some beings take measles, because it is the fashion. But the real Futurist is not to be confused with them any more than his "Vital Anglo-Italian Art" is to be confused with Art itself. He is in fact a born Futurist. He futurises because he cannot help it, because he is made for it, because he cannot go beyond it. He is like an impure sponge walking through The Age with automatic squeezers in its interior. As he proceeds he makes it abundantly clear to everyone that Futurism implies an infinite capacity for soaking in the spirit of The Age and squeezing out—fog. And so it become apparent that to futurise is to make a future by devitalising the eternal Present.

Some of us who are not Futurists know that the Present belongs equally to the Past and the Future and indeed it is in a sense bound up with the infinite—and is the more precious because it cannot, except by dehasement, be detached from it. And we know, too, that the continuous, unending Present is constantly being rediscovered and detached and debased in the form of The Age. And so it is brought to earth and becomes a pleasure or preoccupation of the moment and is made a kind of fetish that hesots the human soul and obstructs

the way and motion of the eternal. To-day is witness of this immoderate and immoral use of the Present. With the discovery of electricity the Present has once more degenerated into The Age. By a scientific trick it has become the New Age of Electricity. That is the New Age of the Present. For electricity is not new. It is, in fact, as old as the universe itself and perhaps the only elemental part of it that matters. If it is not altogether the universal soul it is something near it. It is at least the great driving force behind phenomena. What is new is the scientific conception of the utility of electricity. According to this conception every effort is being made to secure the living force within mechanical cells and these cells are being elaborated to the point of obliterating the primary essentials of the force, thus shutting out the Universal. Thus science in harnessing electricity to the service of man as the new driving force has clogged up with mechanical conditions the very way through which the old driving force or spirit of the Present should pass. Science has confined and debilitated the Present.

Out of the electrified field so produced has sprung a peculiar, particular and exclusive type of electrified interpreter. Electricity is his physical and mental possession. It accounts for his energy, courage and pugnacity. We all know how pugnacious he can be. A layman approaching an ordinary average painter would cause him to retire hastily into his little unwholesome cloister, but the electrified painter flies furiously at the layman and pecks vigorously at his prejudices. His office, then, is to stand in an oscillating field of mechanical appliances and to abstract therefrom a queer mixture of intermittent electrical discharges. Such discharges are sufficiently intense to illuminate the vacuum tube called a City and to obliterate the infinite space wherein it is laid. The forms which the discharges assume develop to a certain point according to the scientific abstracting apparatus employed by the interpreter, then remain motionless within the bounds of the debased Present. Now the interpreter will tell us that all this bemiring is the real thing and the true way of apprehending the Universal. But the truth is he is nowhere near the Universal. He is shut off from it by devitalised dynamism. He is simply endeavouring to make machines into Soul just as the past Age endeavoured to make Soul into machines.

I am led back to this view of Futurism, which I have long held, by the Futurist Exhibition at the Doré Gallery, the London Salon, and some interesting matter in the current "Poetry and Drama." The first absolutely refused to put me in touch with the vital forces and subtle influences of a world of spirit. The second brought me into divine communion with the Infinite mainly through the spontaneous and stimulating work of Clarence E. King and Kandinsky. The third offers a provocative definition of "Impression" by Mr. Ford Madox Hueffer which I had better leave uncriticised till it is concluded. In the same issue of "Poetry and Drama" Mr. Harold Munro's review of the work of the poets of "New Numbers" who are "enlarging the scope of English poetic language" and of the Imagistes who are "narrowing it," is of special interest at a moment when the elimination of words from the drama in order to a restoration of symbolism and mystery, is a problem which advanced playwrights and critics find it necessary to solve.

HUNTLY CARTER.

CORRESPONDENCE.

NOTE TO CORRESPONDENTS.—While quite willing to publish letters under *nous de plume*, we make it a condition of publication that the name and address of each correspondent should be supplied to the Editor.—ED.

* * *

THE UNCONSCIOUS SELF.

To the Editor, THE EGOIST.

MADAM,

Your paper consists in great part of views differing widely from what the common man imagines to be his views. Nevertheless, your friends' views are, to my mind at any rate and to say the least, defensible, whereas those of the common man are obviously absurd and self-contradictory.

What perplexes even Miss Marsden, and very certainly most of your contributors, is the fact that the common man refuses to recognise his own absurdity. On the contrary, he supports generously, volubly and obviously empty-headed persons who endorse his absurdity with moral and logical arguments, written and spoken, which are an insult to human intelligence. I beg space to discourse a little on the psychology of the common man.

High physical organisation brings with it the necessity for the maintenance of a definite bodily temperature within narrow limits, combined, especially in the case of man, with a vastly increased resourcefulness as regards the means for doing so. High physical organisation tends to an analogous result, men of the most highly self-conscious races require to maintain a certain psychical temperature of self-respect (or feeling of personal worth and power) and necessarily develop an elaborate variety of means to this end.

The maintenance of this temperature is a process taking place in normal non-neurotic natures mostly below the plane of consciousness. The unconscious self takes the memory and knowledge of certain facts tending to a plus of self-respect, and of those tending to a minus, and deals with them in a manner similar to that in which the conscious mind would deal with them, say, as observing them in another, but with much less respect for truth and sense and logic than the conscious mind would dare to show. A man is proud of a thing in spite of himself, as the phrase goes. Deliberate facts are driven into oblivion, or twisted about, or confused with other and advantageous facts; the final result is a greater or less plus balance. Thus the unconscious mind presents to consciousness as the director of a shady company presents his annual report to the shareholders. If the state of affairs is dangerously near an unavoidable balance on the wrong side, a strong pressure will be exerted on the conscious mind to find means to make good the deficiency. Freud has shown how a vast amount of nervous disease results from the subconsciousness being unable to fully dispose of unpleasant memories, and in the course of his researches has shown us what a disreputable, shady sort of creature the unconscious self may be and generally is. Nevertheless, it is bound by certain standards of value, depending upon race, tradition, upbringing, public opinion, and of course, personal peculiarity.

Hear, then, the common man's subconscious summing up. You are diligent, hard-working, a possessor of goods, and of wife and children, who obey your behests, you are respected and even respectable, the valued possession of your employer, your overlord, your state, an ornament to your family, your sect, the praetiser under great effort of a difficult morality and self-restraint, member of a great country feared by other countries, subject to kings and lords whose power and riches and glory are the wonder of the world, and yet derived from you and other common men; and yet, you are one of a herd, if you died to-morrow you would not be missed, if the world knew of your shabby, cowardly and dirty tricks, and your still worse longings and thoughts, and of the wretched inadequacy of your mental powers, and the way you scamp your work, it would not respect you, your possessions are insignificant compared with those of other men; your employer values you only for what he can get out of you, and often considers whether he could not get a better man in your place, and so on and so forth. He makes the most of the first set of facts and the least of the second, and so strikes a precarious balance. But the fear of death is not stronger in him than the fear that the balance might turn out on the wrong side. Indeed he frequently dies by his own hand when that is the case.

Now, my enlightened friends, propose to the common man to abolish poverty, marriage, capitalism, respectability, patriotism, moralistic sectarianism, kings, armaments, and all the rest of it. You are proposing to depreciate values in a way to make the vast majority of the population moral bankrupts. Quite rightly, you are opposed with the energy of self-preservation instinct. But equally obviously, the defence will nearly always be rhetorical and artificial. Born and trained cheat as the unconscious mind is, it suggests a thousand reasons in defence of its standard of values. For suppose chastity, for example, to be defended on the one ground alone, as tending to strengthen and uplift self-respect. To do that it must be thoroughly genuine and fully voluntary says the normal conscious mind. At once ninety-nine hundredths of all chastity at present of great value, is seen to be worthless to its owners (their subconsciousnesses having suppressed the fact that it is due to compulsion, satiation in marriage, self-abuse, fear of disease, natural coldness or perverse instinct). Of course, the real reason is given along with the countless others, all nonsensical. That they are nonsensical is at once seen from the way in which reasons defending one institution contradict those defending another, e.g., militarism and Christianity.

So much for the common man. The uncommon man is he born with a passion for the pursuit of some particular end. His moral temperature depends almost solely upon his prosecuting this end with unsparing effort and especially with success (as judged by himself). To this class belong artists, scientists, inventors, propagandists and preachers of all sorts, philosophers and other persistent worriers after the deeper truth, natures ambitious of power, the hetaira-type of woman, as well as the strongly maternal, type, true criminals, and so on. People of this sort invariably find much that is incomprehensibly ridiculous in the popular human institutions. On the other hand, the common man is immensely impressed by their copious generation of spiritual heat, and longs for nothing more than their confirmation of the value of his assets. The respectably married artist, the scientist who goes to church,

the patriot poet, are food for popular journalism; and they happen often enough, since the man and his passion are often enough strangely dual. On the other hand, let the man of passion prove dangerous, and they will defend themselves like cattle against a lion. Combine fiery passion and a direct onslaught upon values, and you get crucifixion as the inevitable consequence. But I come to commonplace.

To complete the psychology of the herd, add the few elementary instincts, fear of death, desire for pleasurable sensation, and susceptibility to mass suggestion. These get weaker with high civilisation. Note public opinion as made up of the general sum of each man's judging of the effect of another's action as likely to affect him or his possessions advantageously or detrimentally, and I believe that there is little in the actions and reactions of human society which is not explicable on these lines.

I will take one instance. The observation of the practices and morality of a religious sect is one of chief resources of the common man for nourishing his self-respect. Commonly, when the other chief sources, material and human possessions and worldly power and prosperity, increases in yield for the individual or the nation, the first tends to lose importance. You have the spectacle of a desperately poor and down-trodden population apparently insanely thrusting aside the few pleasures still left to it to embrace a creed and a practice which appears the cruelest of its burdens. On the other hand, you have the present age in Europe, apparently freeing itself from superstition and puritanism; some sanguine persons believe that an age of sane living and making the most of the beauty and joy of life is approaching. I doubt it. When the unconscious minds of the mass of men are where their conscious minds are to-day, and their conscious minds so much farther in proportion, then—but that will be a long time.

Perhaps *THE EGOIST* will tell us how the value of egoism for the common man's balance sheet is to be raised to the point of compensating the disappearance of other items. For me, Egoism postulates a high temperature Ego. I fear this "verbal age" needs nothing more pressingly than the verbal wraps and blankets you bid it cast off. High temperature Egos are born, and not made.

H. STAFFORD HATFIELD.

THE ORIGIN OF DISTRUST OF PLEASURE.

To the Editor, *THE EGOIST*.

MADAM,

R. R. W. asked why most folks think most sex-pleasures wrong even when there is no cruelty in them. I answered "because they are pleasures," and then I explained this seeming paradox at some length. R. R. W. seems to have read the first few words and not the explanation; for he asks me "why do we distrust pleasure?" I might answer "See *EGOIST* of May 1st," but as most folks give away, lend, mislay, or burn hack numbers even of *THE EGOIST*, I suppose I had better try to explain again and in other words. And this time I will venture on the religious side of the matter, and risk ridicule.

Two supernatural forces guide the world. One, the chief creator, made it as good and happy as he could, and may in time make it perfect. Conscience is his voice calling us to help him. The other, "der Geist der stets verneint" delights in pain and spoiling. He is probably a person; at any rate he has revealed himself in several personal forms, such as the gods and goddesses of various religions, including Christianity. In all these deities the wolf may be seen under a varying amount of sheep's clothing.

R. R. W. probably does not accept the supernatural. At least in arguing with Mr. Kerr, who also rejects it, he seems to concede the rejection. Therefore R. R. W. will most likely not think I have adequately accounted for the distrust of pleasure when I say that Ahriman inspired it. (Ormuzd and Ahriman are convenient names for the two forces just described.) Therefore I will again show out of what material it grew, under Ahriman's guidance. We love to exercise our faculties. Hence we love power over nature. A slight twist of this instinct brings us to the third step, love of power over humans. Another slight twist, and we admire this power in others. The next twist prostrates the worshipper at the feet of chief or priest or devil. The more power they show, the

more he worships them. Now power is not very readily shown in causing happiness. The mightiest chief imaginable can hardly make a man happy against his will. Hence power is shown mainly in robbing, depriving and tormenting. The worshipper feels that if he enjoys himself he is showing disrespect to the powerful, acting independently of them, probably displeasing them. And, as a rule, he really is displeasing them, because they like to feel their own power. Hence all Ahriman's subordinates and emissaries, from Yahveh down to Mrs. Grundy, encourage the distrust of pleasure.

So far, I seem to be repeating Miss Marsden in theological phrases. I now diverge from her. I have to answer the obvious question, "Why does Ormuzd let Ahriman have his own way?" Ormuzd is not almighty. Perhaps, like human creative artists, he is not pugnacious. At any rate, having made a world in which a good deal of happiness is possible, he now seems to stand back and watch its powers of resistance to infection. A good enough aid, if we would only use it, is Conscience, his voice in each of us. It is indeed the chief evidence of his existence, for it is the only certain thing we have. Senses and mind want proof for everything, and proof is like the horizon, you can never catch it. But conscience needs no proof, no authority for its orders; it is its own authority. Miss Marsden a few months ago proved it had no foundation, but every conscious conscience knew it could have none; it was itself the foundation, the ego. Miss Marsden confused fear with conscience; this is shown by her maintaining that conscience promotes submission to authority. It usually does the reverse.

Now conscience, though it does not say much, says one thing with the utmost distinctness and precision, "Seek the happiness of all; cause no needless pain." On this foundation each of us must build a moral code (or do without one, as Miss Marsden advises, which is nearly the same as ceasing to exist). It is not always easy to build it; in matters of property and business it is extremely difficult; but luckily we are discussing sex, which is quite a small department of morals, and quite simple. Chastity, generally speaking, is immoral, because it is a refusal to increase the amount of pleasure in the world. I do not of course mean that A and B have any right to compel C to be unchaste; for chastity, though immoral, is not an aggression, and C can decide best for himself or herself (especially the latter, chastity being the besetting sin of women rather than of men) how and when to apply the general principle, and how far benevolence should conquer distaste. But, to give the commonest instance, a woman who adds to the happiness of several men deserves praise and honour, not the scorn she usually receives even from those she benefits; and a woman who refuses without good reason to add to anyone's happiness deserves great blame, and, having chosen to associate herself with the powers of pain and evil, will probably have some share in the "bonfire" of which R. R. W. speaks as a "childish bogey."

I hope I have now enabled R. R. W. to understand my moral code (which would probably be his, too, if he would only look close enough). He seems to think Mr. Kerr and I are advocating a total lack of restraint in sex matters. My chief objection to Mrs. Grundy's restraints is that the effort to submit to them diverts energy from the one true restraint, that of Conscience, and causes it to be relaxed and neglected. Conscience says "Seek the happiness of all" (yourself included); but the rules at present popular aim for misery. "Entbehren sollst du, stets entbehren" is their general rule (I hope Mr. Aldington will excuse me for quoting a poet older than 1913; it is only because I cannot find anything equally apposite in his new ones), but you are allowed to indulge your instincts a little if there is a reasonable likelihood of much unhappiness resulting. Two epileptic cousins may produce ten epileptic children with the full approval of Mrs. Grundy provided the right incantations have been said over them by parson or registrar; and I remember reading of a case in which a girl had nearly died in producing a baby, and the father of it was thought quite generous for offering to marry her—that is, to try to kill her in the same way again!

R. R. W. will probably admit that this kind of thing is cruel; but I gather that his way of preventing it would be to recommend some wise restraints in addition to the wicked ones. I recommend the wise restraints instead of the wicked ones.

CALDWELL HARPUR.

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